

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

JUNE, 1964

50 CENTS

# Cavalier

THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE NEW MAN

THE GREAT  
COLLEGE  
COPULATION  
EXPLOSION

CAMPUS  
BREAKOUT  
IN SEX,  
POLITICS,  
THE NEW  
SOUNDS OF  
FOLK & JAZZ

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FAVORITE  
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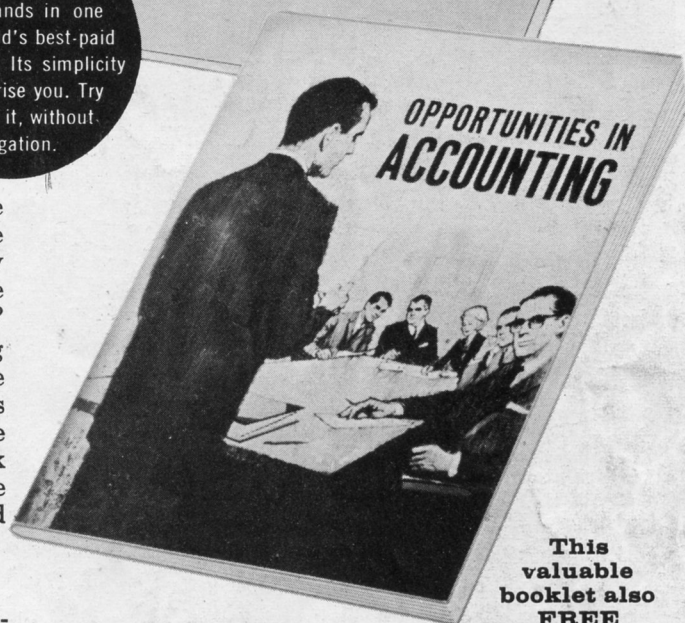
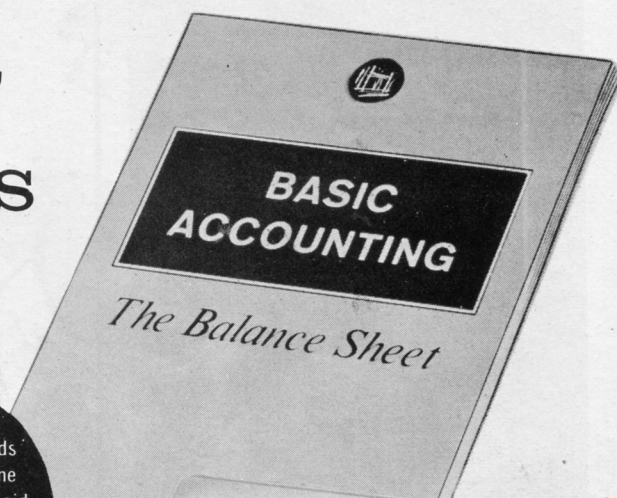
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Wind  
he's got  
plenty  
of...

Do you?

You should.

It's so important to keep on breathing.

After all, you're a candidate too. For health. For a reasonably long life.

If you're short of breath...if

you cough too much...you may find it tough to win. Don't take chances with these symptoms of respiratory disease.

Take good care of your wind; you'll need it as long as you live. This is the recommendation of

your local Christmas Seal organization and the National Tuberculosis Association.

*Short of breath?*

*Cough too much?*

*Don't take chances.*

*See your doctor.*





#### VERAS, IN VERITY

Your picture spread on Miss Linda Veras in the February CAVALIER was fabulous. . . . Miss Veras is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman ever featured in your magazine.

Frank Martino  
University of Scranton  
Scranton, Pa.

On comparison of Linda Veras with all the beautiful girls we've seen anytime, anywhere, in *any* magazine, we really couldn't find anybody to compare her with. We want to send you our highest compliments on choosing her to adorn the pages of your magazine—not to mention the walls of our apartment.

We, the men of Cottonwood House, Thompson Hall, Penn State University, would like to know where we can obtain more pictures of Miss Veras, either from past issues, future issues, or otherwise. We would like to have Miss Veras' permission to form an admirers' club on her behalf. . . .

Gary Samuels, Frank Spadine  
Andy Krajewski  
Pennsylvania State University  
University Park, Pa.

Permission granted. For more photos of Linda Veras, turn to p. 43 where Linda, June's Date-of-the-Month, becomes our first repeat gatefold girl.

#### HI HO, STEVERINO

Congratulations on your fine article about a great entertainer, Steve Allen. Steverino, an ingenious antic performer, has steadily become the country's nighttime TV favorite since he started what virtually amounts to an underground-type show a couple

of years ago. Steve and the gang are unmatched in their wit and easy informality.

Thanks muchly.

Richard P. Jonas  
Jefferson City, Mo.

Frederick Christian's article on Steve Allen was an hilarious coup. I enjoyed the section dealing with Allen's utter compulsion to puns and gags. Imagine lunching with him and hearing, as Christian did, "Eggs Benedict, the hard guy of the mob. And here's the strong-arm guy—Beef Stroganoff. The conniver could be Veal Scallopine. Every mob's got to have a coward—Chicken Cacciatore. And here's the gun moll—Peaches Flambée." "

Allen's always *on*. And, like most people, I dig his humor.

Wyatt Nordmann  
Detroit, Mich.

Shades of Saki! Who knew that Steve Allen could write nasty, terrorizing, short stories? *My Little Darling* in your March issue had lots of zing and sting. Let's see more. Let's see more.

Seymour  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

#### STEREO NEEDED

Starting at the top of Dick Kleiner's *Off the Record* (March, "Cavalier in Person"), I see that "Today's stereo records—the ones created and arranged exclusively for two-speaker reproduction—offer a type of music which you will never hear in a concert hall."

This is true, because there is much mechanical distortion, even on re-

cordings done with the best equipment. Any capable musician can experiment with this by simply placing a record on a quality sound system and playing along with it. The musician will be able to easily outplay the highest volumes reproduced by the system. The reason? There is much distortion in our present top-rate equipment without adding gimmicks.

Motion—the fourth element in music. Record companies that score highest now provide music without a Ping-pong effect. These firms restrain from the reversing of channels between phrases of a particular instrument. Therefore, the music is reproduced in its original state: melody, harmony, and rhythm, and only has to contend with mechanical distortion. . . .

Lynn Cravens  
Lexington, Ky.

#### THAT TRIPLE FOLD!!!

. . . I am not prone to writing "letters to the editor," but I cannot help commending you on the fine April issue with that terrific triple fold.

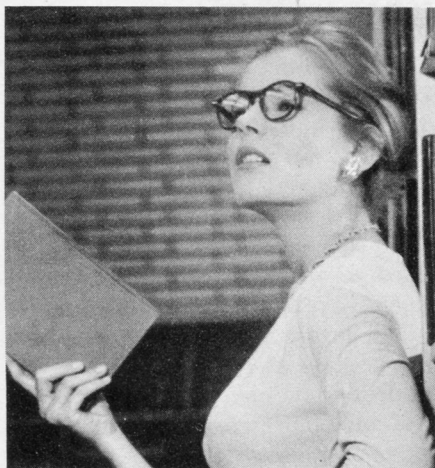
In the vernacular of "Archie" (Ed Gardner)—"Leave us have more."

John K. Beam  
Washington, D.C.

#### SINFUL SOHO

Leslie Hannon's article in the March issue on London's Soho district was wildly funny. I especially liked the floor-show photos taken at Raymond's and Murray's. . . .

Jeff Brown  
San Francisco, Cal.



*Sigma Pi loves* LAURA CORDET

#### SWEETHEART OF SIGMA PI

As members of Sigma Pi Fraternity, Beta Omega Chapter, we are very proud to announce that Laura Cordet, CAVALIER's Miss November Weekend, has been selected as the most exquisite pinup of 1963.

Laura was chosen for her natural qualities over a total of 600 entries. CAVALIER has said all that can be said: "Laura is always Laura, breath-takingly lovely, bewitchingly incomprehensible."

*Brothers of Sigma Pi  
Beta Omega Chapter  
Lock Haven, Pa.*

#### IN CALDWELL'S CAULDRON

In Erskine Caldwell's derogation of the South (March, "*Sex Was Their Way of Life*"), I thought one statement he made was way off-base. Since I know the long tradition of Southerners who scream a little too loudly in your "Mail Call" section, let me just try to be placid about this.

Says Caldwell: "From my earliest knowledge I knew the Negro was superior."

Really now. I know perfectly well that Caldwell is a Southerner. And I also know his books, like *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road*, are about the rural South. But that hardly makes them valid today; Caldwell is writing about *his* generation, not mine.

When *Tobacco Road* was published in the 1930s, the South, I imagine, was probably dotted with areas such as described by him. His half-man half-ape characters were true ones, I'm told. But this no longer is the case. I think Caldwell has just about retired from the South and I don't

think he can any longer be called an expert on the area. The South is growing, gentlemen, economically, educationally, and culturally. We have huge industrial complexes springing up almost overnight. Universities are constantly expanding, and you know damned well that integration is a reality held back only by a few atavistic morons who are today's *exceptions*!

Certainly, there are vestigial pockets of racism. But for Caldwell to make such a blanket indictment—"The white race is the inferior race"—is merely to turn the racists' coin.

*Thomas Sloate  
Atlanta, Ga.*

Your interview with Erskine Caldwell was provocative to say the least.

I've yet to read anything more timely, more engrossing, or more important dealing with this country's civil rights crisis, and that includes James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*.

I wanted to point up one fact that city dwellers should keep in mind, a fact which Caldwell makes perfectly clear, which is the reason I quote him: "City Negroes inhabit a kind of ghetto and still do. The white landlord makes no repairs. He does nothing for the Negro, who is at his mercy because he can't buy property. The white man won't sell it to him because he's making too much money from him. He's making so much money on rents!"

It has already been proven in New York that the wealthiest real estate owners are those dealing in oppressed sections of the city. They are called "slumlords," and this past winter New York newspapers were filled with ghastly descriptions of how tenants endured rat bites, how no heat was being given, how garbage



ERSKINE CALDWELL:  
*white race inferior?*

was being allowed to pile up, etc.

These areas are mostly inhabited by Negroes and Puerto Ricans. If New York would only sit down one day and decide that Harlem would be cleaned up, that the slums were going to be dealt with as they've never been dealt with before, much of the race hatred on both sides that exists in that city today would disappear. . . .

*Nicholas A. Corbi  
Staten Island, N.Y.*

This is a letter of thanks to express my appreciation for the outstanding interview you [Morris Renek] squeezed out of me and caused to be published in March CAVALIER. The expert kind of writing you did doesn't just happen—it takes talent of the first order.

And so. Thank you very much.

*Erskine Caldwell  
Rheem Valley, Cal.*

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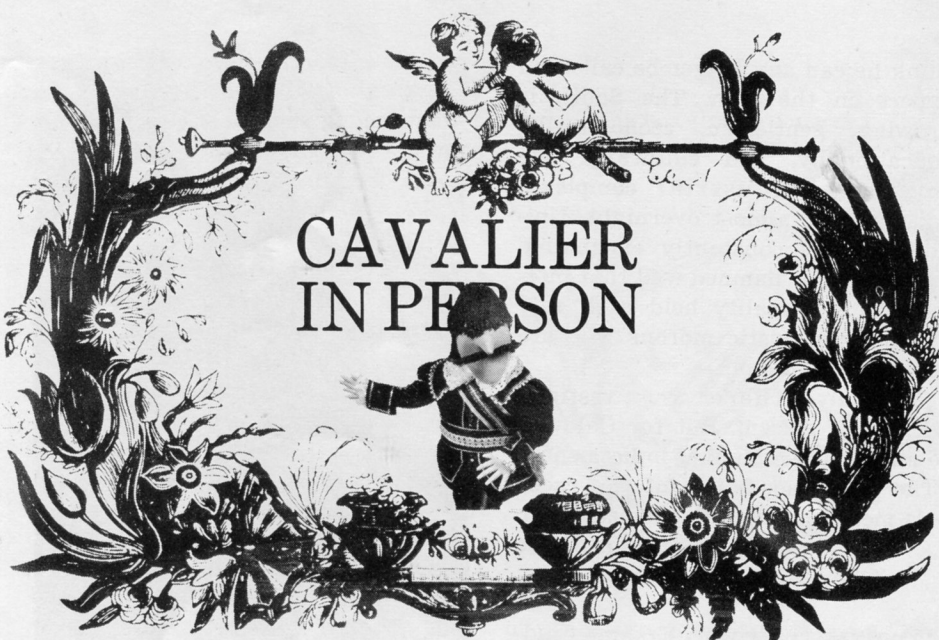
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## THE COLLEGE SCENE

This issue is heavily populated by the college community that the famous Professor Copeland of Harvard once called "the sexually unemployed," although author James Collier (see page 56) seems to see some light ahead for the campus labor unions.

All this is not because we have decided to put out "a college issue," much as the *National Geographic* might devote an issue to marsupials. It is because we recognize that college students now have joined the world.

If any choice governs our editorial judgments as to what is the proper fare for CAVALIER, it is that we prefer to go where the action is. The action, as we see it, is frequently where the students are—not necessarily in the physical sense but in their ideas of humor and sex and politics, in their intellectual leanings, and in their fierce and competitive drive for career success after graduation.

The action wasn't always under the elms. In 1900, only 4 per cent of those in the college-age bracket ever matriculated; in 1970, it will reach 50 per cent.

The college man at the turn of the century took himself with utter seriousness. The fraternity, for all its mumbo jumbo mentality, had the student body in a vise. The cheering sections in the stadium really cheered then. The whole anachronism of cheering is worth a side-glance in itself. It actually started when Princeton played Yale in football in the noseguard era.

Princeton has always been Southern oriented from its first days. In 18th-Century America, New York boys went to King's College, later Columbia; New England sent her sons to New Haven, Cambridge, Hanover, and Providence. William and Mary, in Virginia, took care of the South. Princeton found its role as the educational center of the Middle Atlantic States. James Monroe and Light Horse Harry Lee were Virginians who went to Princeton, and this was enough to start a wave of attendance by Southern aristocrats. The college sent student solicitors throughout the South thereafter.

All this historical mishmash is to bring out the fact that the Princeton team at one point decided that it would scare the wits out of its opponents with the Rebel yell, inherited

from the Civil War and brought North by the undergraduates. In point of fact, the Rebel yell winded the Tiger players, and the opposition rolled over them like Sherman over Georgia. So the lads wisely hired some stand-ins to do their shouting for them on the sidelines. They scared nobody that way, either—but it is interesting to note that they're still shouting up there in the stands, although the theory has now reversed itself to where they're supposed to be arousing their own team to heroic efforts. Usually nothing more is accomplished than drowning out the quarterback's signals.

The pleasant lunacy of this college tradition illustrates the fact that in 1900, whereas the college student took himself very seriously, the public at large indulgently saw him as a rather comical figure perpetually sucking on a pipe to suggest a maturity which eluded him (sometimes forever) and furnishing his world with pennants and turtle-neck sweaters.

The very fact that half the young people of college age will be there by 1970 makes for a diminution of undergraduate life as a status symbol and throws a sharper focus on its purpose. The purpose can still vary. College has always been useful to young men as an hiatus between the apron strings of their mothers and their wives-to-be. That's quite an achievement in itself. But mostly students have, as we remarked above, tossed out the idea of college as a retreat and have joined the world, pulling it on to the campus with them, often by sheer force.

So it happens when this magazine for young men would talk of sex and music and politics and literature that these are the natural province of the college man. And so it happens that we have evolved by some chemistry of taste—without deliberately choosing the role—into a magazine which is a favorite among college readers. Our fare will, in the main, be for the college reader or his equivalent be he in the Service, office, prison, or igloo, rather than about him. But if it so happens that when an article is written by a college student or about a college student that's where the action is that is a fine coincidence.

We'll continue this way in CAVALLIER. No one has yet estimated that

99 and 44/100 per cent of those in the age group will be in college by 1999, but it seems likely. And, human nature being as frail as it is, we may expect an exclusive group of non-college snobs to appear on the horizon at that date. No doubt they will create their own fraternal mumbo jumbo and probably develop some kind of a yell to frighten the opposition.

The world turns.

At any rate, when we invited some 150 college undergraduates to a wing-ding at The Village Gate to test their jazz & folksong & beer mettle it seemed very much the natural habitat of CAVALLIER readers, listening to the show while milling and swilling. The girls were pretty and the men were probably the most literate college audience ever assembled. In fact, so many editors were present that there wasn't an infinitive split in the joint over the entire evening. We couldn't possibly find room for all the colleges represented—nearly 100—but we can't resist naming some of the editors present:

Joel S. Lieberman, *Yale Daily News*; Lawrence Pratt, *Yale Record*; George Trow, *Harvard Lampoon*; Charles Horner, *Daily Pennsylvanian*; Jack Auspitz, Columbia University *Jester*; Thomas Donohue, Boston University *News*; Richard Coe, C.C.N.Y. *Observation Post*; Phyllis Ackerman, Temple University *News*; Richard Denenberg, Cornell University *Daily Sun*.

Ed Farrell, Villanova University *Villanovan*; J. Shelton Reid, M.I.T. *Voo Doo*; Shophanna Sofaer, Jane Burzens, Barnard College *Bulletin*; Allan Kort, Syracuse University *Daily Orange*; Edward Monaco, U.S. Naval Academy *The Log*; Ed Linden, University of Virginia *Daily Cavalier*; Steve Rubin, New York University *Square Journal*.

Scholars and gentlemen, all.

#### SONNY LISTON REVISITED

A few weeks before Sonny Liston lost his heavyweight championship to Cassius Clay in that strange fight at Miami Beach, I visited him at his Thunderbird Hotel training digs in Las Vegas. I came away convinced that Sonny was the best heavyweight since Jack Johnson. I still think so.

It's hard to believe, looking at him as a specimen worthy of Michael-

angelo's imagination, but Sonny is the 23rd of 25 children sired by one man among several wives. What the others look like I can't imagine, but Sonny's full brothers and sisters number eight, and his mother is still living. She stays with Sonny in Denver and is pointed towards a graceful old age after a lifetime of grinding poverty, trouble, and misery.

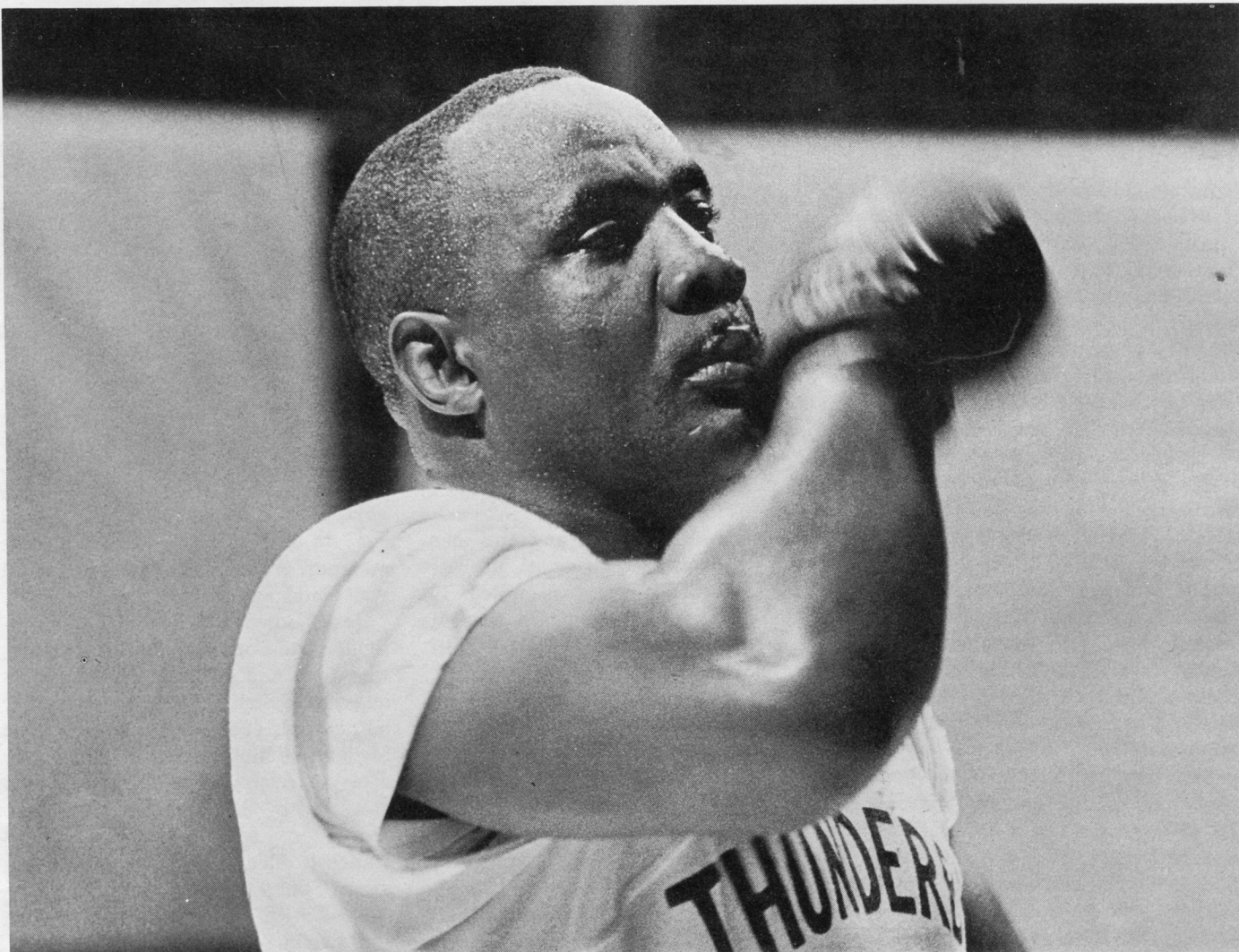
Sonny started to become a man at 14 when he came to St. Louis, the closest big city to the Arkansas dirt farm where he spent his childhood. It was in St. Louis that he learned the blues and the way things go down. His first job was as a helper on a horse-drawn wagon that delivered coal in the winter and ice in the summer. Wages were \$1 a day and all you could eat.

Jesse Bowdry, a heavyweight contender and Sonny's sparring partner, was born and still lives in St. Louis and knew Sonny from shortly after he arrived. (Jesse went pretty good for a while himself and holds an easy decision over Willie Pastrano, who now owns the light heavyweight crown by some strange circumstance.) "Even in those days," Jesse says, "Sonny wasn't only big. Nobody messed with him. You just knew he could be awful mean."

Sonny took a fall, though, the details of which are shrouded in his reticence, but I think it can be pieced together thusly: There was an early marriage, probably at 18. There was a baby, there was no money. There was an armed robbery, there was a capture, there was a conviction. There was the penitentiary where Sonny served his time and where a chaplain saw what he had and persuaded him to learn to box. When Sonny got out he was 22 or 23, determined to earn his living with his fists.

At its lower levels, where Sonny had to start, boxing is as ruthlessly unfair as a carnival shell game. But except at the club-fight level, the mob is largely out of the picture in the fight business today, probably for good.

Sonny runs his own show, make no mistake about that. He is Big Daddy, and there is no doubting it after five minutes in his presence. And, at the risk of making someone sore, let me say I think he is the most authenti-



**SONNY LISTON:** *Big Daddy—defiant and lonely*

cally exciting personality to enter boxing since Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson.

Sonny keeps with him his wife Geri, a vivacious woman his age. They've been together twelve years, or ever since Sonny first got out of jail. Sonny's child by his earlier marriage, as well as her own from a first husband, are both with them; they are clearly a family. It is a good marriage, in the sense that Nabokov has a good marriage, which is to say Sonny and his wife are mated and content to spend as much time together as they can manage.

He's far from genial and often, by white-man standards, barely civil. But, if one fact is borne in mind, Sonny can be understood for what he is: a man of inherent dignity and self-esteem who wants his due and no more. The important thing about him is that Sonny is non-verbal. Words are tricky; they have never brought him anything but misunderstand-

ing, and he has not the slightest interest in nuance.

I have a little bit of tape that I took which will give you a bit of his style in this area:

ME: Now here you are, Sonny, the heavyweight champion of the world, and your end of the Clay fight will come to at least a million dollars. It seems to me that you've realized the dream of most men; recognition, means, and enough leisure and health to do whatever you want. What are your plans?

SONNY: I don't have any.

ME: I mean what will you do? Do you have a hobby?

SONNY: No.

ME: I mean like hunting or fishing?

SONNY: No.

GERI: Well yes you do, too. You remember that man—I can't remember his name—invited us hunting?

SONNY: I don't have no hobbies.

ME: I see. Well, what will you do

with your time? Do you plan to travel?

SONNY: Yeah.

ME: Umm. You'll travel. You've been to Europe already on an exhibition tour. How did you like it?

SONNY: Well, the people are different.

ME: And anything else? I mean about what you want to do?

SONNY (After a nudge from Geri): I'm going to work with boys.

ME: With juvenile delinquents?

SONNY: That's right.

ME: Well, let me ask you this. Do you expect any more difficulty from Clay than you did from, say, Cleveland Williams?

SONNY: I don't expect any difficulty from anybody. I never expect any difficulty.

ME: I see. Then you'd say you were confident. . . .

SONNY: (No answer)

And so it went, Sonny staring indifferently at a silent TV screen while

I groped for "a handle" until I finally stopped, realizing there was none. Yet, watching him, I saw how scrupulously polite he invariably was to strangers of the breed that feel it their privilege to greet celebrities familiarly simply because they know who they are.

His trainer, Willie Reddish, who was a journeyman heavyweight during Joe Louis' time, seems to be his closest confidante next to his wife, but Sonny exudes a feeling of loneliness accepted—not resignedly but defiantly—and it is the most distinct impression of him one recalls in thinking back over a conversation with Liston.

I had thought that only Old Father Time (who hasn't dropped a decision since Methuselah damn near held him to a draw) could defeat Liston. Young Cassius, still little more than an Olympic champion, probably couldn't have done it if Liston hadn't injured his shoulder. At any rate, I still think Liston is going to do what he intended the first time around; namely, to find that vociferous boy and punch him until he falls down and doesn't get up. Sonny's recent arrest by the Denver police for speeding and carrying a concealed weapon puts the ex-champ's chances for a rematch in jeopardy. If and when there is a rematch, however, I'm putting my money on Sonny. *Lionel Olay*

**REPEAT! ! LINDA VERAS! ! REPEAT! !**  
It's never happened before and not likely to happen again.

In February our Date-of-the-Month, Italian starlet Linda Veras, so captured the imagination of readers that hundreds of you wrote in asking if we would present more of her, and quickly please.

Far be it from us to play the role of spoilsport. Beginning on p. 43, you'll find Linda, our June Date-of-the-Month, in a new sequence of sensational photos.

Enjoy her.

#### MODEL BEHAVIOR

The girls who have appeared on our center gatefolds are not, by any definition, ordinary. Nor are their outside activities inevitably predictable. Miss Linda Veras, in this issue, is an actress of some note. But last month we had a karate expert; we have featured schoolteachers, conchologists,

and physicists. We have a pilot in our inventory, as well as a British girl who is an expert in antique silverware.

Thus accustomed to the unique, if not the exotic, in our models' out-of-studio careers, we are still bemused at this writing by a girl whose pictures have been submitted to us. We are informed by an unimpeachable source—the photographer who proposes to shoot her and who has no reason to juggle the facts—of some really unusual talents. She is a college student, majoring in medical art with science as her minor. She is studying Russian and speaks it fluently. She won first prize at a science fair for her poster depicting a clinical study of the anatomy of the brain. She has won awards in the field of physics, using audio-visiographical material in a work revealing radioactive fallout. Among her hobbies is "folkloristic study of the mountain culture of Appalachia." All this adds up to a highly interesting personality.

And she's beautiful.

#### OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

*Editor's note: Richard Denenberg, the editor of the Cornell University Daily Sun, wrote this special report for Cavalier, while attending the recent sixth International Affairs Conference for College Editors in Washington, D.C. The conference was sponsored by the Overseas Press Club of America and the National Student Association.*

There were nearly four hundred college editors seated in the East Room of the White House, listening to Hal Holbrook deliver some choice witticisms about the newspaper business, when the door opened and someone slipped into the darkened room. A few black looks were thrown in his direction, and a moment later he apologized. "Excuse me for interrupting you," said Lyndon B. Johnson. And he meant it.

Most of us had been to Washington before, of course, but the feeling was different this time. We ordinarily might have gone down to the National Gallery of Art or the Corcoran or run up the Washington Monument two steps at a time, which gives some sense of satisfaction but practically guarantees a coronary in twenty years. This time, however, we

had spent the morning bandying words with Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Undersecretary W. Averell Harriman (he's a terrific skier and likes to talk about it), and Assistant Secretary G. Mennen Williams—all of whom are rated among the more expert word-bandy-ers.

We were due at the White House at 4:15 p.m. for a reception, "Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, hostess." Many of us slipped away to Arlington to visit President Kennedy's grave. I don't know who in this country did not see the TV broadcasts of the funeral cortege winding across the city and crossing the Potomac. Retracing the route, I found that the images retained from that day's TV viewing had become fixed in my mind—fixed in the same sense that the memory retains other historical images such as steel engravings showing the capture of Edwin Booth or photographs of the Capitol before it got its great dome. The same curious historicity clung to the drive outside the White House, where Jackie Kennedy bravely walked on her way to the church service, with the giant General de Gaulle and the diminutive Emperor Haile Selassie striding behind, side-by-side in an international tableau of man's span of mortal dimensions.

Inside, the present made its instant demands, and we met Mrs. Johnson, daughter Lynda Bird, and her friend and college classmate, Warrie Lynn Smith. There were a few formal remarks of welcome by Mrs. Johnson, and then we went into the Blue Room to visit in the y'all welcome Texas manner. Warrie Lynn, the nation's No. 1 boarder, has the room Caroline Kennedy used to occupy. She likes to swim in the White House pool. She's from San Antonio, but she came on to George Washington University to be with Lynda, the girls saying goodbye to their old room in Kinsolving Dormitory at the University of Texas.

Warrie Lynn is 19, animated, and has brown eyes. She is calm, whereas Lynda still seems a bit shy. I told Warrie Lynn that she looks just like her picture. She kidded me. "Which one?" she asked. That was her way of saying that it's all a lot of nonsense, but a hell of a lot of fun. She said all that not in words, but with her grin. I had a real comeback to

that. "The one in the N. Y. Times," I said. A real smasher. She'll be quoting me for years.

The President himself had made only a brief appearance. He's bigger than you expect him to be. You catch a sense of physical power. He looks as though he can make a decision and enjoy doing so. He is a great hand-shaker and he has the mitts for it. He has been quoted as saying of the greeting process that "you press the flesh and look him in the eye." When Mr. Johnson went about this with the editors, just before beating a hasty retreat from the reception (after all, it was *Ladybird's* party), the process struck me as something of a chemical experience. I am not any great shakes in the laboratory, but I recall that osmosis is defined as the passage of one liquid into another through a semipermeable membrane—strictly a one-way run through a piece of skin.

Mr. Johnson affected the editors osmotically, if I may coin a word. What I mean is that he was pressing the flesh and looking them in the eye, and they were getting pressed and looked at, rather than pressing and looking back. Strictly a one-way process. Oh well, I can't blame them. I can't think of anyone in the world, just at this moment, capable of reversing the osmosis—except perhaps Lady Bird. She told us that she had studied journalism at college, too, and had planned a career in it, until a "certain man" changed all that and took her off to other things. She seemed more than a little pleased at the idea.

I am not particularly ashamed to admit that most of us acted like any group of tourists, a real bunch of hicks. There was a lot of picture-taking on the White House steps, some surreptitious investigations of the security situation (one visitor got too close to a battery of concealed switches and was shooed away by a burly character bulging out of a Brooks Brothers suit). One chap, probably from Boston and imbued with the spirit of the John L. Sullivan tradition, whose flesh had been pressed by the President, went around offering "the hand that shook the hand" to the less fortunate among his colleagues.

The White House, to a man of college age, is sobering, and the atmos-

phere suggests that if you have any manners you might as well use them. That might be, come to think of it, not a bad thing to take away from Washington. Sorry, can't tell you a thing about the elections.

—Richard Denenberg

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#### MAKING IT YOUNG MAN ON THE WAY: MUSIC LARRY BENZ

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Of all ways to make a living in the United States, possibly the hardest is by playing a musical instrument. According to statistics formulated by the American Federation of Musicians, not more than ten per cent of its quarter-million members make the bulk of its living from music, and even the very cream of the crop—the men who work steadily in the country's 26 organized symphony orchestras—average under \$4,000 a year.

A man who makes a living at music, then, is a phenomenon. He becomes something more than that when he is (a) spanking fresh out of college, (b) espouses a relatively odd-ball instrument, and (c) is barely 21 years old.

Nonetheless, not only has bass trombonist Lawrence Hamilton Benz played at Tanglewood, possibly the most important music festival in the country, a half-dozen times; not only will he earn a reasonable living solely from music in 1964; but he is currently working regularly with one of the few jazz groups in America to operate as a paying enterprise, the Kai Winding Octet.

Benz, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, is a poised six-footer who sports a small mustache ("It helps me grip the mouthpiece") and a mild tendency to overweight. (Unlike trumpet players, who more often than not are dapper men, trombonists have a curious way of always looking slightly blowzy. Their jackets never seem to fit exactly right, and their shirts are always coming unstuck around the middle.)

Larry grew up in Martha's Vineyard, a salty and somewhat smash island off Cape Cod, which has an old seafaring tradition and a fairly lush tourist trade of more recent development. His father, Hamilton, was in his earlier days a singer of considerable talent, working with the New

York City Center Opera. At one time or another since, he has been a stage director and a television writer, most notably for the old *Circle Theatre*, one of television's finer experiments. Larry's mother, Olive, is an accomplished amateur pianist and a more than accomplished professional painter; his sister, Merrily, is an extremely promising student at the Berklee School of Music.

"I guess it was inevitable that I pick up a horn," Benz says. "There was music around home all the time, records or FM or just the family singing together around the piano. So, when the music teacher walked into the fourth grade one day and asked who wanted to learn the trumpet, I just automatically raised my hand."

Benz worked his way up through the usual degrees of public school musicianship, ultimately developing more than schoolboy proficiency. The switch to the trombone came when he was in tenth grade. "The music guy in the high school was a real con artist. He ran out of trombone players, so he sent away to Sears, Roebuck for a Lafayette trombone which probably cost all of 75 bucks and then he showed it to me. It may have been cheap, but it was brand new. The horn shone like gold and all that maroon plush inside the case was clean and fuzzy. I was hooked."

In 1960 Benz graduated from Martha's Vineyard Regional High ("We had one hell of a time getting that into a cheer") with a letter in hockey. As it happens, he had attracted the attention of a regular visitor to the island, Irving Sarin, a former first trumpet with the Pittsburgh Symphony, who was about to begin a career at the University of Wichita where there is a reputable music school.

Larry studied at Wichita for three years, played on the side at the Pizzeria Hut and the Cotillion Ballroom, and it was here that he switched to the bass trombone. The trombone, a slightly comical instrument anyway, is like the harmonica, very easy to pick up and play, but extraordinarily difficult to master. There are very few passable trombonists; they are all either good or bad.

The bass trombone, a fairly recent development, has, in addition to the standard slide, a valve which permits the player to reach down into the

tuba range, and is just that much more difficult. As a result, the horn has very few competent players and hardly any masters. Unquestionably the fact that Benz, young or not, can handle the instrument is partly responsible for his current eminence.

Benz is also a long distance swimmer of indefatigable power and a baseball pitcher with a burning fast ball, two forms of athletics he has been very proficient at since his early childhood at the Vineyard, and which probably have something to do with the bull-like chest he can put behind his blasts into the horn.

In any case, when he left Wichita for Tanglewood in the spring of 1963, he anticipated the usual long hard scuffle for position in the musical world. Sheer talent—plus a bit of luck—shortened the journey.

"I was working with a rehearsal band under Sy Karasick [a celebrated New York trombone teacher whose technique is—or was—legendary; Karasick refuses to play in public

today and nobody knows for sure]. Eddie Green, Kai Winding's bass trombonist, sat next to me, and when he left Winding he suggested I audition for the job."

Benz' audition was a smashing success. Winding expected to audition many men, but one session with Benz changed his mind. "That's it," he said at the end of Benz' first number. "He's the one I want." Auditions for the job were over.

"It wasn't until later that I panicked. The third trombone player came in at the same time, and when we went out on the stage for our first gig we split notes all over the place. But Kai is just great to work for. He straightened us around, and after that we did all right."

Benz' ultimate goal is to play bass trombone in a major symphony. "You want to prove that you're top, that you can make it with the best."

This means work, however. When he's not on the road with the Winding group, he practices five hours

a day, plays with the rehearsal band, and rehearses once a week with Winding. This kind of ardor is essential to a musical career. "You work for weeks getting your speed up, getting your attack sharp, and then you goof for a couple of days, and it's all gone. You can't let it go for a day."

Between times Benz escorts a brunette French horn player named Virginia Blair around the city to hear bands, drinks the *vin du pays* at Charlie's Tavern, a musician's bar on West 52nd Street in Manhattan, or simply listens to records. "Sure, it's music all the time. What else? Is there anything better?"\*—J. L. C.

\*Editor's Note: Larry took his own pool cue out of his trombone case the other day, and we went out to shoot a few racks. He uses his cue like a .22 with a telescopic sight. It's just a good thing, however, that he's not a violinist. The case is so tight he might have to take up table tennis.



LARRY BENZ: young master of the bass trombone

# THE YITZHAWK BUTTERFIELD JIM DANDY ALL-PURPOSE HISTORY

BY ED SACHS

*A thought a day  
to inspire  
the man with  
a hangover,  
a date with  
a chick who  
knows judo,  
or the nephew  
who has just  
learned that  
his rich  
Uncle Fred  
has left  
all his money  
to a poodle.  
Taken from  
the pages  
of history  
and presented  
under the  
deluxe title of:*

*We'll all have tea,  
my lord,  
after we disperse  
the mob at  
Bunker Hill.*

**June 1, 1658**

Oliver Cromwell is disgusted with Parliament.  
"Bunch of silly asses," he has confided.  
"Always shouting 'Hear, Hear,' so you forget what you were going to say, and they always want to close early so they can go to the races.  
No wonder England is in such rotten shape."

**June 2, 1620**

An odd-ball group called the pilgrims announced from Holland that they plan to sail to the New World and that one of the first things they're going to do is pass laws forbidding the showing of movies on Sunday. The announcement prompted an editorial in *Variety*.

**June 3, 1928**

Sir George Cunningham-Fffister, a friend of D. H. Lawrence but of a much higher social class, of course, has written to Lawrence:  
"... have just finished reading your book and am astonished they allow you to print such trash. By the way, if this Lady Chatterley is ever in London, please give her my address. I'd like to meet her and discuss certain matters. Any time this month would be perfect because my wife will be in Scotland agitating the grouse."

**June 4, 1849**

Several publishers have refused to publish the poems of Walt Whitman because they don't rhyme.

**June 5, 1792**

Kentucky will be admitted to the Union this year so members of Congress won't have to pay import duties on bourbon.

**June 6, 1872**

Chicago has experienced a great fire. While it was blazing, 400,000 votes for Nixon for President disappeared.

**June 7, 1155**

The Prince of Rostov has decided to start a city in Russia to be called Moscow. The CIA has swiped the plans and has placed them in a file entitled "TRADE WITH PERU" and will spend the next 1,000 years trying to find them.

**June 8, 955**

Norse sagas are always told, never written.  
"We yust can't get the proper idiom when we write them,"  
Yonny Yonson told a folk-singing conference at Bennington College.



**June 9, 1270**

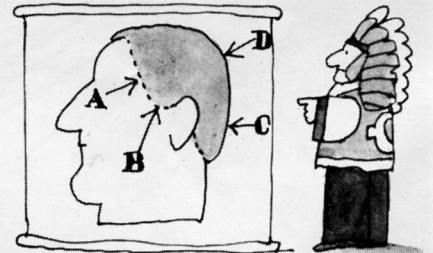
Kublai Khan was denied a room in a hotel in On Hong, China, because the clerk said that anyone with that last name had to be Jewish and the hotel had a policy of not giving rooms to people of that faith.  
Mr. Kahn, who has been known to lose his temper on any provocation, really flipped and conquered the entire country and built his own hotels.

**June 10, 1962**

Friends of the writer Norman Mailer have given him what he has always wanted — a full-length mirror.

**June 11, 1878**

The White House has been alerted to the possibility of a full-scale Indian war. Chief Split Disc is reported to have told his warriors, "Pale faces are trying to get control of our gambling rights at Las Vegas, and this means we must take necessary steps to insure our national traditions and fight to protect the Indian way of life." He then conducted a clinic on the newest ways to scalp people.



**June 12, 1924**

Calvin Coolidge has given his State of the Union speech.  
"Seems all right to me," he said and sat down and started eating his supper.

**June 13, 4000 B.C.**

Ut has discovered the wheel. However, a chick named Thelma who lives in Ut's cave isn't impressed.  
"Big deal," she told neighbors,  
"I want to know when the big slob is going to do something about that saber tooth tiger that's been loitering outside our pad.  
I can't even get to the beauty parlor."

**June 14, 1869**

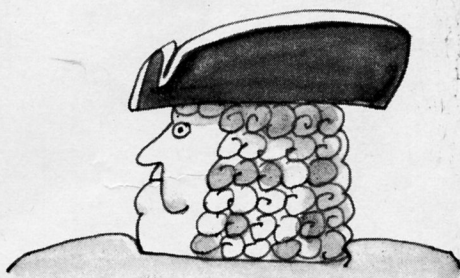
It has just dawned on the American Government that by winning the Civil War we have to keep Georgia.  
Faces are long around the White House.

**June 15, 1928**

A Dublin publisher has sent a rejection slip to a young writer named James Joyce, but has regaled his staff for a month by reading aloud from the writer's work. "This lad is daft," he roared. "Oh my, I haven't laughed so much since O'Toole fell off the roof." O'Toole was his partner.

**June 16, 1781**

Ogoo, one of the most powerful leaders of Hawaii, has had indigestion for several weeks. He thinks it's something he ate, perhaps Captain James Cook, a British explorer.

**June 17, 1683**

William Penn visited his new colony of Pennsylvania and spent the weekend in Philadelphia. "Ye gods," he wrote back to England, "a weekend in Philadelphia is like being buried alive."

**June 18, 1889**

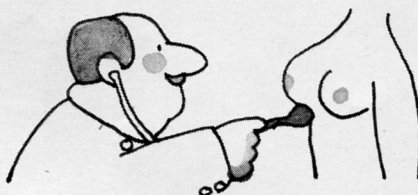
Sitting Bull has been advised that his name has given the American public a bad image of his activities. So he has changed his name to Leaping Deer and has had an artist draw a new logo for his tent.

**June 19, 1897**

The Navy is concerned over a poll revealing that the public just can't remember the name of our country's newest battleship. Many naval officers of the highest rank think it should be retitled the Alamo. As Admiral Muffel Floater told the Navy Club of Scranton, "Everybody remembers the Alamo, but who remembers the Maine?" But it won't do any good. The tub will remain the Maine, and the Navy will be told once again that in our kind of country we still have civilian control of the military.

**June 20, 1924**

The American Medical Association has decided after an extensive study that there is a correlation between sex and the fact that so many men like so many women. "We have no objections," the AMA said about its finding, "as long as this relation is confined to private enterprise. If the government helps out, this will then be socialized medicine, and we'll oppose it."

**June 21, 1447**

"Today Portugal, tomorrow the world" is the toast Prince Henry of that country proposed to his general staff. They all drank with him, but as soon as they left the palace they all opened Swiss bank accounts.

**June 22, 1779**

George Washington has denied that he ever threw a dollar across a river. "Get those idiots in Washington to give me a dollar, and I'll try, but I won't throw one out of my own resources," he told a meeting of the American Banking Association. "Of course, I'll also want someone on the other side who will throw it back."

**June 23, 1849**

The father of Emily Sellwood told her most persistent suitor to "get some honest employment." The suitor, Alfred Tennyson, said that he had a chance to be named poet laureate of England, but in answer to Mr. Sellwood's question on how much the job pays had to admit he didn't know. (Emily passed him a note telling him to cool it and not let her old man bother him, and she would meet Al at the movies. But Al was mad, and he was very difficult for the rest of the evening, not even letting Emily have any of his popcorn.)

**June 24, 1000**

Leif Ericson is on the wagon. He was drinking the other night and decided to drop in at Olaf's Bar and find out what the locals were doing. But he turned the wrong way and ended up in a place called Minnesota where he nearly froze to death.

**June 25, 1625**

The British Association of Conservatives and Manufacturers has come out strongly for the divine right of kings and having England resign from the UN.

**June 26, 1948**

A poll of leading newspaper publishers indicates that Thomas E. Dewey will swamp Harry S. Truman in the race for President. Mr. Truman said that he'd like to go through with the election just the same.

**June 27, 1901**

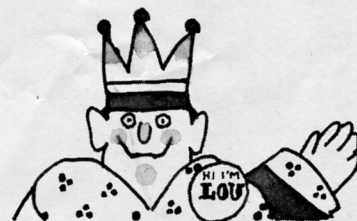
Marcel Proust has consulted a famed doctor and has revealed that he thinks he is losing his marbles. "Honest, Doc," the writer said, "I can't remember anything from the past." The doctor, who has had experience with writers before, told Proust to come back in a week. That way the doctor will know if Proust's check has cleared the bank.

**June 28, 1876**

Alexander Graham Bell has invented the telephone. He would have told someone about it, but his wife has been using it ever since he told her what it was for.

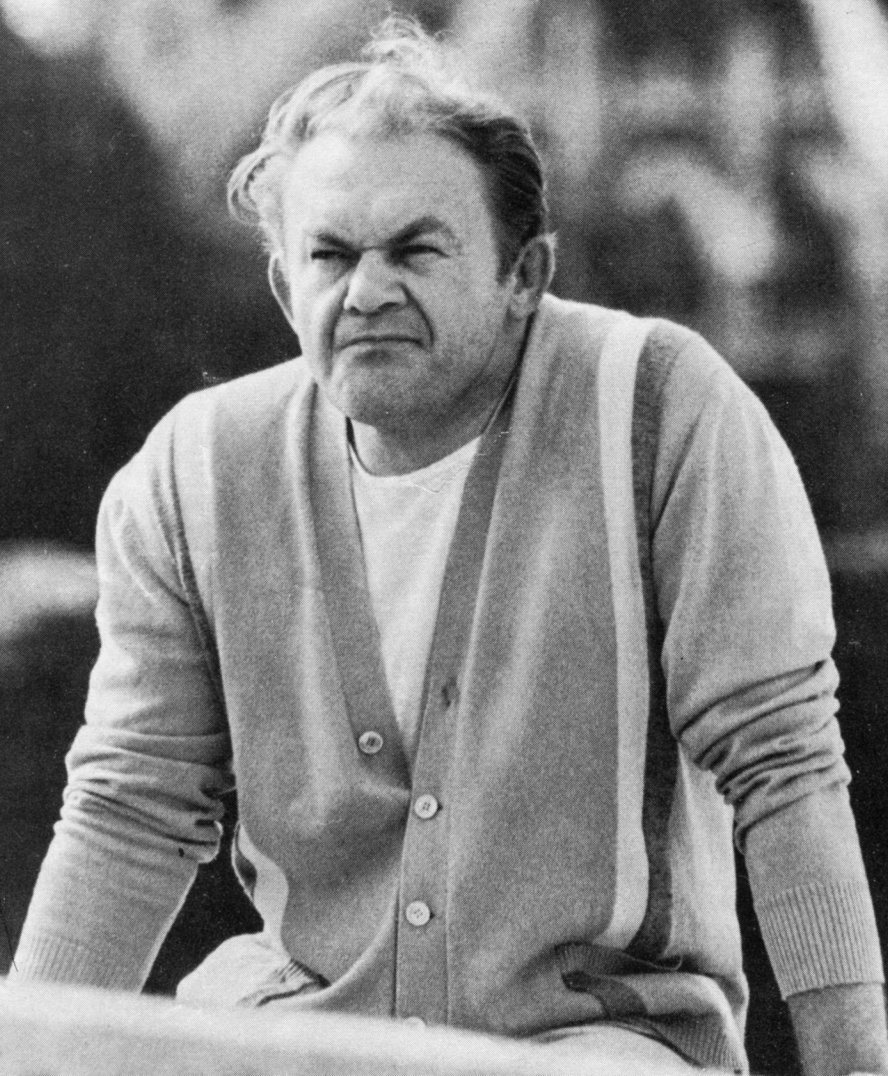
**June 29, 1930**

The Roumanian Government has protested to the State Department about some recent American movies indicating that there are vampires in Transylvania. "We got lots of werewolves and spooky things, but no vampires," the protest stated, and it was announced that a kindly Roumanian druggist named Otto Dracula plans to sue Bela Lugosi.

**June 30, 1575**

Louis XVI of France doesn't know what number king he is! "Man, I just don't dig these nutty Roman numerals," he told his court. "In fact, when I meet some stranger I just tell him to call me Lou." Historians are going to work on the problem to see if they can help the king, who isn't too strong in the brain department anyway.

**"MY EXPERIENCE  
WITH WOMEN—  
BITCHES, PRINCESSES,  
AND OTHERS—  
HAS BEEN THAT  
NO WOMAN  
CAN EVER BE  
DOMINATED BY  
ANY MALE  
SHE DOES NOT  
WANT TO BE  
DOMINATED BY"**



a confrontation with

# JAMES JONES

The controversial author of *From Here To Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line*, *The Pistol*, and *Some Came Running* was never known to pull his punches, and he lets fly here on sex, war, the novel, heroes, and the new Dark Ages about to close in on us.

by Leslie F. Hannon

If you lead with your chin in a joust with Jones, he'll hang a haymaker on it:

HANNON: If you had the power to change one thing, or idea, or custom, what would you do?

JONES: I would remove all sexual censorship and taboos. But it ain't bloody likely.

HANNON: Do you think that what is generally described as pornography would be likely to harm, say, the average American high school girl?

JONES: Certainly not. On the contrary, it would be damned good for them. And the men, too.

The four books cited above have established Illinois-born James Jones as one of our most important and most controversial contemporary writers. His "work in progress"—a book about an American playwright who investigates human courage under its many-colored coats—bids to further his towering international reputation. He does not need to ever write another line to be, in my book, the most exciting writer alive. He is also the most honest, and (contrary to the popular image) the most gentle man I know.

HANNON: American women are commonly believed abroad to be efficient at everything but love. Apart from your obvious domestic bliss, does your general experience support this thesis?

JONES: Yes, it does. I have been very lucky in my wife, probably because her Italian background taught her to like and respect men and her own need of them (Me!).

The object of this accolade is Gloria, sometimes known as Mossie, who

was one of the most beautiful girls in America when she married Jones on February 28, 1957. Now, with daughter Kaylie at her knee, she is one of the most beautiful women in Europe.

HANNON: How much of a role should a wife play in her husband's professional, business, or artistic life?

JONES: The more the better. Provided she (or he!) is not a mean bitch.

At 43, Jones is a little heavier, not much, than his fighting weight when he was wounded on Guadalcanal in 1942 during the first U.S. counter-push against the Japanese. He made corporal (busted) in the 25th Infantry Division and, another time, sergeant (ditto). He made the whole world come to know the American peacetime army with *Eternity* and the American fighting army with *Red Line*. He made money, a good deal of it, and you could argue that war has been keeping up the Joneses.

HANNON: What military action do you admire above all others? Take your pick from all the wars of history.

JONES: The signature of any armistice.

HANNON: Do you believe men will ever learn to live without war?

JONES: I doubt it very much; at least in the foreseeable future. I think war and manual weaponry are inherited instincts, as explained in Ardrey's *African Genesis*.

HANNON: We seem now to have developed the technique of reason-

ably tidy vest-pocket wars . . . . Algeria, Goa, Suez, Vietnam, that sort of thing. Only stones of a certain size may be thrown. Can we hope to keep them that way?

JONES: I only hope we can contain them in the present trend.

HANNON: If H-war should come?

JONES: I'll stand on the highest building and laugh like hell.

Most of this talk with James Jones took place in Paris while walking along the quaysides of the Seine or in his home on the historic Ile St. Louis. Some of it, though, took place between us earlier in a bar in New York's Fifties, in a casino at Le Touquet, in an Edwardian hotel on the edge of London's Green Park. Some of his views have been dug out of the public record, where they are sometimes deep-etched by acid. Some have been gathered from the hedge-rows, from the tops of iron railings, and from finger paintings on the wet tops of café tables.

Jones isn't vain enough or patient enough to make a good subject for the formal interview. He never sits still for long. But wherever he is, and whatever the subject, in his own writing or in the ceaseless conversation he encourages he is expounding his controversial beliefs, opinions, ideas, lucubrations, reflections, and comments or simply throwing out some provoking notion in the hope of starting a rousing argument.

Then from that he hopes to learn something new, to split some Arthurian rock, and thus to become a better writer. Jones never ceases pushing forward, without apology or self-consciousness, in his striving to become the greatest novelist of his

time. He accepts without rancor the certain defeats that await such men. ("What do you want to be?"—"A writer, because I'm a masochist.") He has written of himself:

"My own private image for the novel has always been that of the Sleeping Beauty: the one who—if I could only awaken her—would not only be the best hump in the world, but would always bring me, along with the renown, the kingdom and those 27 palaces. And each time I toiled up that same old mountain by a different route, smarting from brambles and sweating profusely, each time I planted my confident kiss on that lovely cheek and she did not awaken, it was not so much that I had failed to dominate as that I had failed to awaken. Maybe because I had been eating garlic. My experience with women—bitches, princesses, and others—has been that no woman can ever be dominated by any male she does not want to be dominated by. Garlic or no garlic."

HANNON: It has taken you eighteen years, with some side excursions, to write your four books—a total of 2,747 printed pages or, roughly, three pages a week. How do you work?

JONES: I try to work for four or five hours every day. In concentration and corresponding expenditure of energy this is equivalent to twenty hours straight in a typical office.

HANNON: Could you produce faster, do you think? One recalls that Dickens was writing *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Barnaby Rudge* all at the same time.

JONES: In the old days you could write just about any goddam thing and call it part of a novel. Now you have to be more discriminating.

HANNON: I recall now you once said you had no heroes. But I suggest there are, probably, at least two living men whom you admire. Who are they? Why have they caught your imagination?

JONES: Whoever they are—because of their stupid, savage, murderous idiocy which they substitute for sexual fulfilment and call humanism, human greatness, philosophy, good intentions, religion, etc.

HANNON: Do you think, then, that the Christian churches will survive another 2,000 years?

JONES: I hope they won't. I think Christianity has about outlived its usefulness. I only hope we don't replace it with something worse.

HANNON: You mentioned that you often dream about "the future falling in on you." Could you expand on that?

JONES: The way I see it, our future as a race will be one of increasingly encroaching technological and bureaucratic controls over the individual's soul and mind. I hope this will not happen before my death, but it could. In any case—and in every country, no matter the politics, even if our race achieves world government—there will be no place for exploring novelists who wish to search beneath the surface of patriotism and other forbidden subjects. This will last 1,000 years, anyway—a new Dark Ages. I don't see any way around it.

Talking, we moved, highball in hand, from the carved pulpit that Jones uses as a bar, down the beige-carpeted drawing room of his 17th-Century house, bawling the tottery 1,400-year-old Greek urns, stepping over the stereo and phone cords, past the large and almost-edible nude and the modern art of brush and torch to the balconies that overlook the Seine.

The Tour d'Argent properly glittered across the way, and the moon, playing tag with autumnal cloud, touched in turn the silhouetted apse of Notre Dame, the Pantheon, and the martyr's church of St. Etienne-du-Mont. A last determined lit-up boatload of lit-up tourists slid by on the dark river below, the diesels thudding under the cracked chords of *La Vie en Rose*. A barge coming down showed an orange oval of face as the helmsman lit his Maigret pipe. Taxis flitted like fireflies across the bridge where the young Molière laughed at the outdoor theatre of Tabarin.

JONES: Paris is an aesthetic experience every minute of the day.

HANNON: What has living abroad over the past five years done for you? Are you a different person because of that experience?

JONES: It has given me understanding of the bloody heritage Europe has given us. And I guess I am

different because of this. I drink more . . . It is almost unbelievable to look at the history of human killing human which has been touted to us all as heroism and bravery.

HANNON: I think you said somewhere that we're all cheats and liars really. May I ask what virtue you most admire?

JONES: Sensitiveness.

He was, in his own terms, a lawnmower jockey at Hickam Field, Honolulu, when he got the urge to be a writer. Like Robert E. Lee Prewitt in *Eternity*, he went out for boxing. Like Richard Mast in *Pistol*, he coveted a handgun above rubies. Like Geoffrey P. Fife in *Red Line*, he once felt very wounded and quite pleased with himself for having carried it off so well. That, in some measure, was Jones College.

In a famous article in the *Agfa Khan's Paris Review* several years ago, Jones said: "I don't think education can make a man more sensitive. I think only the experiences in his life, if he is able to face and accept them, can do that. In a sense, education can even help make a man a slob, by my definition, because he can take refuge in it by pretending to be sensitive when in fact he is not."

HANNON: What is the main ingredient in your character?

JONES: Stubbornness.

HANNON: Your principal defect?

JONES: Sensitiveness.

Chewing the fat with his friend William Styron, Jones worried, "I find all the time in conversations that it's next to impossible to explain to anyone what I see or feel about what's happening to the world. I suppose maybe it's always been that way, but it's so much more important today because there's not all that much time left."

On another day: "I am not sure writers are so important. After the problems of the generation they are writing about are over, people begin to read them."

The next generation may or may not read Jones, but it's pretty certain to see Jones because all four of his novels have been bought for the movies. *From Here to Eternity*, in which a skinny ex-idol called Sinatra grew into (continued on page 38)



*"General Lee says there are Yankee spies right here in Georgia, Mammy."*

# karen's vessel

There were language classes, folk singing, arguments, sunning, drinking, and there was forever sex on that summer voyage of students aboard the S. S. Stikkelsbaer. But mostly, mysteriously, there was Karen who dominated all.

CAVALIER fiction by **HERBERT GOLD**

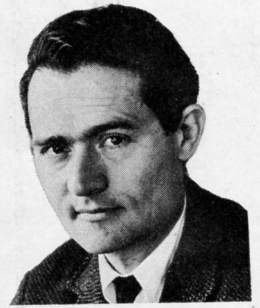


At 38, Herbert Gold has not only become one of America's foremost writers, but he also certainly stands at the top of the spokesmen for the younger generation. The lengthy list of his prizes—including Guggenheim and Hudson Review Fellowships, an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, an O. Henry Prize, and a Ford Foundation Theatre Fellowship—is a tribute to the importance of his work. A prolific author, Gold has published over fifty short stories, dozens of essays, six novels (including recent best seller *Salt*), and has edited a collec-

tion of essays and a collection of short stories.

His stature in the academic world matches his position as a writer. Since his studies at Cornell University and obtaining his B.A. and M.A. degrees from Columbia University and his *license-des-arts* from The Sorbonne in Paris, Gold has taught at Cornell, the State University of Iowa, Brandeis University, Wayne University, and Western Reserve. He has been a visiting lecturer at the University of California.

CAVALIER takes great pleasure in presenting this startling new Herbert Gold short story.



The *S.S. Stikkelsbaer*, which means gooseberries in Danish and a converted Liberty ship in American, was making crude grinding noises at its pier in Hoboken as if it aimed to get away right quick now, when smiling Karen walked down the gangplank, surrounded by her little blue insulation of air. Mike Curtiss, thirty-some, bachelor, art historian, pining, saw her and believed that he might not drown after all in this mob of summer students going abroad; his friend Phil Donahue, thirty-some, bachelor, psychiatrist-in-training, curing himself, saw her—saw Mike seeing her—said, “Between us two there is war now, buddy. War. Nothing else.”

“Is she worth it, Phil?”

“Have another look.”

Pause to carry out this suggestion.

“I guess it’s war, Phil.”

“Each to his own trusting weapon.”

But of course they smiled at each other and marveled over the rest of the marvels. A little troop of Dutch dancers from Pella College was tromping down the pier in wooden shoes. There was a band playing. There were parents howling. There were carnations and orchids flying through the air, together with the gulls and the promises soon to be broken; uniformed officials tried to hide behind toy flags and tight bureaucratic smiles as the ship was charged by a double line of students; meaty mopy longshoremen heaved baggage onto the conveyor chain and

scowled because not every suitcase broke. An honored ancestor felt faint and was revived by a swift reference to colonial forebears. The high-pitched whine of that expensive machinery which severs umbilical cords set a poodle’s ears ajangle, and it screamed in little humanoid bursts, jerking at its ribbon. Parental dentures snipped out advice in lengths to suit every need. A tugboat barked solicitously.

Karen looked wan and lost. Then she gave her blessing upon confusion and smiled, lifting her head. Then she yawned delicately and patted her mouth. The earth and the heavens, the poodles and the tugboats, all parents, and all children were reconciled. (They were not.) Karen’s smile was an act of pure frivolity, pure generosity; it was the purest gift of life. (It was not.) But Karen had smiled, and, for the two men watching her, the day was new.

The ship was the idea of the Royal Danish Lines, sent out by charter in order to bring American students to Europe at low cost, with a maximum of fuss. Given the mission of preparing the unprepared for five or six languages and several thousand years of history, a few lecturers, Mike and Phil among them, had been offered passage. Mike was headed toward a year of Fulbright research in Florence. (Did Guido da Siena paint his mother or a model? Had he ever visited Naples? Avignon? Or were those eyes, those fixed and deco-

rative eyes, merely natural issue of a mournful Platonic yearning? Sail on, Mike Curtiss!) Phil was returning to his medico-psychiatric studies in Dublin. (His training analysis went slowly. “You hoff zo motch doo zay,” complained his doctor. “Doo motch.” “I’m both American and Irish,” Phil Donahue explained.)

Glumly these two young men had been studying the preternaturally wise children who were mounting the *S. S. Stikkelsbaer* with their guitars, tennis rackets, and occasional cases of Metrecal for use as a food supplement when malted milks were unavailable. Then Karen, cool on this hot day, small and sun-blond and light on her feet within the thunder of coeds, observant, isolated, and commanding, brought them what these young men recognized at once, the real thing. They knew that in the past this particular “real thing” had first unravelled them, then bombed them out, but they longed for it anyway. They could argue that it had not yet killed them. They had always managed an escape.

Phil turned to say something to Mike, but Mike had disappeared. No, there he was, pushing through the crowd, the silly bastard. He wore the nervy nosy look of fretful action—a man who sometimes had impulses, later regretted them. Mike had played football in college and been an eighteen-year-old paratrooper on sheer nerve, without the head for it; skinny, (continued on page 64)

# THE NEW FOLK SOUNDS

*The big picture on folkbiz,  
by J. R. GODDARD,  
and a photographic close-up by FRANK DANDRIDGE,  
as CAVALIER throws its own  
college wingding at the famous Village Gate*

Who are the young Americans who reject comfortable urban back-grounds to adopt the songs and ways of the cowboy or migratory worker or field-hand Negro? Why do they do it? Who are the new Guthrie balladeers, the jug stompers, blue-grass racers, or white blues wailers, and how do they differ?

Who in turn are the writers of the new satirical and protest songs, and why are they so threatening to the nation's Right Wing that some have already been branded "Communist?" Most important of all, who are the singers who've come to the greatest glory since 1961? Add to this flood of questions one which asks where the whole frenetic, free-wheeling thing called "folk" is heading, and a whole book could be written.

First off, the term "folk revival" is inadequate. For one thing, it connotes too strongly one generation reviving the forgotten music of another, which ain't necessarily so. Although much American folk material has indeed fallen into neglect, there's a lot that hasn't (especially in the Southern mountains), and how can something that's still alive and kicking be revived? It's just that the city-bred kids, who make up the majority of folkdom's ranks, have brought it into urban areas where it was little known before.

The "revival" tag also ignores the phenomenon of musical exchange. Writes the talented, young, urban, bluegrass musician Ralph Rinzler,

it is "an arrival rather than a revival. The radio and phonograph have brought . . . Broadway . . . into the homes of country people . . . while the sounds formerly heard at a mountaineer's fireside . . . are now common fare in college dormitories and suburban living rooms."

Colleges most of all: It is from student bodies, with their awareness of American history and their involvement in current racial and other critical social issues, that folk music finds its strongest support. Colleges also are responsible for the American success of such international favorites as Ireland's Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem, Africa's Miriam Makeba, and Israel's Geula Gill.

Arrival—revival—whenever serious folk music is reckoned with these days and the young singers are counted, one name figures above all the rest—Joan Baez. Perhaps it is only coincidence that her first and still most memorable record was released in that important year of 1961, but there's been a strong temptation since to date the folk explosion from its appearance.

Since then, the shy dark-haired girl with the ethereal soprano voice has been deified by her fans. Her concerts sell out. Her sales on four LP records total well over a million (normally a sale of 50,000 is considered excellent in folkdom). A portrait of her adorned *Time* last year. And for a while the Baez "costume" of long hair, sweat (continued on page 25)

If you're a college man on-the-town in New York, odds are you'll inevitably wind up at the city's marvelous mecca of folk and jazz talent, The Village Gate.

With this in mind, Cavalier recently tossed its third semiannual College Party at the Greenwich Village nitespot. And it was quite an evening.

To begin with, our guest list was a veritable Who's Who in College: Scholars, athletes, student government reps, and more than 50 college newspaper editors attended our rousing affair. Undergraduates from nearly 100 schools were present, many of whom had written to us for invitations. (More of that and future Cavalier parties further on.)

The high point of the evening was a special midnight show starring three of the collegiate world's favorites: The Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem; Leon Bibb; and Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan.

After Cavalier editor Frederic A. Birmingham started things off by welcoming our college guests, waiters carted out trays of sandwiches and beer. And then, while munching on roast beef and other delicacies, the students sat back to watch a great show.

Right, Liam, youngest of the Clancys, leads his brothers and Tommy Makem in a frothy song of the Irish Rebellion. Facing the camera at ringside are Temple University's Mike Weissleder and date Binnie Lewis, who attends The New School for Social Research.







Jazz singers Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan (left) lead off Cavalier's all-star show. For the uninitiated, they transmute the riffs and runs of instrumental jazz to the human voice, and when they sing in unison, triple-tongueing reaches its acme. When they finished, Dave Lambert paid us a visit. Said the hippest daddy of them all, "These kids are wonderful, really great. They dig it, they're with the music." While he sat with us, Lambert was besieged by college girls who wanted to tug at his whiskers. (Right: Lambert retaliates with a tickle of his own to the chin of NYU's Madeline Asch, as Cavalier associate editor Lawrence Linderman referees.)

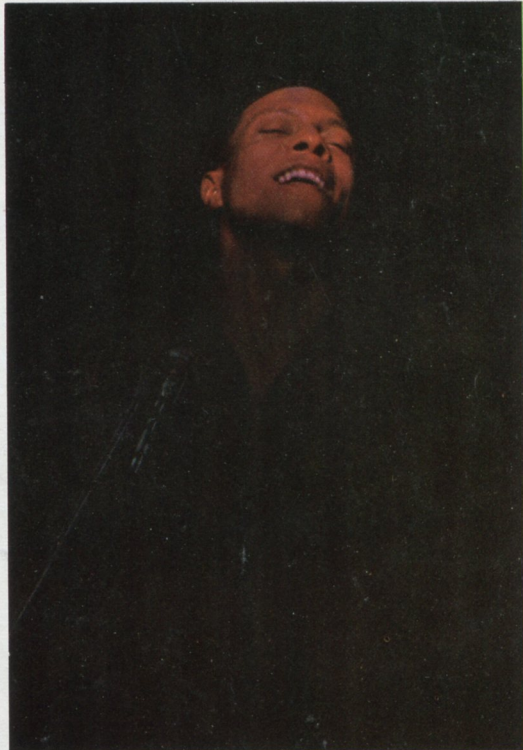
Next on tap was Leon Bibb (top and middle right), a dynamic performer whose blues, ballads, and work songs are required listening on college campuses.

When we invited him to meet some of our guests, Bibb confided, "I don't know what to say to them."

The students took care of that—Leon was bombarded with questions about folk music and his career, and afterwards he was all smiles.

Meantime, we milled about, greeting college editors (see "Cavalier in Person" pg. 6), our campus representatives, and students who were coming in direct contact with Cavalier for the first time.

Ed Linden, a staff member of the University of Virginia's *Daily Cavalier*, informed us that UV's Cavaliers had adopted our magazine as their own. Hello, Charlottesville.





Liam Clancy (top, left), not to be outdone by Lambert and Bibb, staged an impromptu press conference of his own. Regaling his listeners (Joel Pawe of Hunter College and Ellen Raider) with tales of the Auld Sod, Liam also told a few on his brothers, Tom and Paddy. Our party drew many young people on the way up: Top, right, Judy Berkowitz of *Seventeen* magazine checks in for the evening with fiancé Mark Ranzer.

The Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem sang encore after encore, ending on a more intimate note with late, late stayers clustered around the stage.

A ten-member delegation from City College of New York's student newspaper, *Observation Post*, dropped by. (Left, they have themselves a handclapping time at the Clancys' late, late show.)

With the entertainment at an end, collegians from all parts of the country had a chance to meet each other, and the matchups sounded a little like comedian Bill Cosby's football referee routine. (Samples: "Dartmouth meet the University of California," "Indiana say hello to Mt. Holyoke.") Knots of discussion groups formed, and the hottest topics of debate seemed to be who would win the upcoming Presidential election, and whom would the Republicans nominate. Associate Editor Warren Picower overheard one group discussing Rolf Hochhuth's controversial play, *The Deputy*, while Managing Editor George Dickerson was clued in on a new trend; cigar-smoking coeds.

shirt, and jeans threatened to become standard campus girl gear. In short, while Miss B. may not have triggered the charge that shot folk out of its cannon, she has certainly personified its impact ever since.

A little recent history will give a better understanding of this singer and the young folk movement she stands for. In the 1930s and early '40s, a handful of entertainers bucked the jazz tide, promulgating the simple songs of an earlier America or writing songs of their own about their tragic times. Who were these legendary men? Woody Guthrie, the leftist balladeer, who sang of the migratory worker; the Negro powerhouse, Leadbelly (Hudie Ledbetter), whose acquaintance with Texas prison songs was more than a passing one; Burl Ives, the popular "Wayfaring Stranger" of the radio; Josh White, clever purveyor of Negro protest to café society; eccentric Southern writer-singer John Jacob Niles—all of them men of country birth or closeness to country ways.

They were soon joined by other men of urban and scholarly backgrounds, men as disparate of styles as troubador Richard Dyer-Bennett and folk great Pete Seeger. In the light of 1964, this movement of urbanite to country was more than significant. It was revolutionary. Ardent young folk collectors, like Alan Lomax, soon appeared, continuing the work of the elder Lomax, Seeger, Cecil Sharpe, and others.

Folk found few steady followers at first. Swing was still the prevailing force in popular music, with slicked-up, electrified hillbilly or "Western swing" running close behind. Folk rattled along in the rumble seat, holding the watermelon. By the late '40s, though, jazz began turning inward on its present esoteric course, while what had become known as "country and Western" generally got only louder and cornier. To a great extent, pop balladry hit the below-freezing mark of banality from which it has yet to extricate itself. People suddenly found themselves looking for a humanistic music which could speak to and for them.

Jazz in all its diversity continued to supply limited current, but many turned to folk. It caught on fast in cities and on college campuses. Ives and White saw their stars wink ever

brighter. Leadbelly became a best seller, and when his raspy voice was stilled, mourners were legion. New talents were coming up, though, coming in unprecedented numbers thanks to LP records which were then beginning to revolutionize the music business.

Folkways, that rickety mainspring of ethnic recordings, started expanding its list into the hundreds of titles available today. Elektra and other small recording firms took on a whole new batch of singers, and names like Cynthea Gooding, Susan Reed, Jean Ritchie, Ed McCurdy, Oscar Brand, and Theodore Bikel became folk bywords. Then the real down-home stuff caught up with the urban movement as Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Big Bill Broonzy, and Rev. Gary Davis brought Negro blues out of a limited race-record field into folk with sledgehammer force.

As the LP boom shot folk music on into the 1950s, it gave rise to new trends. Commercial "folkbiz" was born, with skillfully arranged songs by Harry Belafonte, a newly commercialized Ives, and The Kingston Trio reaching America through jukeboxes and radio stations. Odetta gave new polish and dramatic meaning to serious ethnic material, most of it about the Southern Negro. Others, like the brilliant Bob Gibson, Leon Bibb, or The Weavers (Seeger's fine group), admirably rode the fence between commercial and ethnic to further the folk cause immeasurably.

Even so, commercial folk music leapt miles ahead in audience exposure, with the recording industry again acting as bellwether. While Folkways, Vanguard, Elektra, Riverside, and Prestige turned out LPs in unprecedented tens of thousands, big companies signed up the smoothies to fire out disks by the millions. It seemed that serious artists would never catch up.

February of 1961 changed all that. The purity and grace of Joan Baez' first album high-voltaged through campuses and cities everywhere. As her successes multiplied, so other folk music prospered, partly because of her impetus and partly because the audience had grown so large since the '50s. Another important factor was the spread of the coffeehouse (Baez herself started singing in a Cambridge espresso shop), which

made serious *live* folk music widely available for the first time.

At any rate, folkdom had never seen anything like the furor that followed her record. Nothing less than a mystical cultism, often verging on hysteria, grew up around her; a cultism reminiscent of the crowds who'd break into shrieking pandemonium at the young Frank Sinatra's appearances twenty years ago.

Nothing illustrates this cultism better than the story of "A.M.," the lass who has gone around impersonating Baez for years. A.M., who knew Baez in Boston and who resembles her, started passing herself off as the singer as a joke. Amused or even exhilarated by the adulation showered on her, she heightened her act by showing up on campuses in an ancient Plymouth (Baez once cruised around in an overage hearse) to be surrounded by kids screaming "sing for us, Joanie!" A.M. sidestepped that acid test by pleading a sore throat and instead dispensed autographs that the fans bore off like religious relics.

Occasionally, though, the gag backfired. Appearing one night at Gerde's Folk City in Greenwich Village, she caused a howling, table-thumping near-riot by refusing to sing.

With Joan Baez its most illustrious product, the young folk revival goes on gathering people to it. What does it give them? In addition to the deeply humanistic needs it fulfills, there are more specific reasons. One obviously is folk's social role. Pick up a guitar or join a song and you're part of a healthy opposition to The Establishment; you're striking back. And because folk music is a group movement, it lets people get involved, assuages feelings of isolation and rootlessness.

Folk music is also a rebellion against a dangerously stultifying passivity that may be accompanying America's technological abundance. No wonder guitars are outselling every other kind of instrument. No wonder coffeehouses with Mickey Mouse stages keep cropping up, especially in college towns. With a god like Seeger, Baez, Gibson, or Bob Dylan to follow, the folk fan identifies with something of meaning, something all his own!

Bob Dylan was completely un-

known three years ago when the Baez rocket took off for outer space. Now, at 23, Dylan is equally famous. Creator of three Columbia albums, progenitor of the same folk worship and, in some cases, the same hysteria Baez engenders (fans have tried ripping his clothes off), this nervous aquiline-faced lad has gone a step further by writing his own songs.

Successful as he is, he has ignited unheard of partisanship within the folk ranks. Says one young singer, "That cat's a genius. I don't care what mistakes he's made, musically or in his personal life. With me he can do no wrong." Fires back another singer, "His lyrics are sloppy, his performances uneven, and he borrows too much from other composers." Yet even that detractor grudgingly allows, "He still might turn out as great as Guthrie or Seeger."

Dylan started out as a performer about the same time Baez' first record appeared. From Minnesota, he came to New York City with little more than a corduroy cap and guitar to his name. But, with an informal song or two and a few blasts on a harmonica, he let everybody within earshot know a major talent was in town. His debut at Gerde's Folk City was astonishing. Flailing at his guitar and occasionally blasting at the Hoehner held on a harness before him, he sang in a synthesis of slurred Negro sounds, white rural twang, and a driving lyricism all his own.

New York Times folk critic Robert Shelton went overboard in praise. The noted painter, Harry Jackson, himself an excellent cowboy singer, said, "He's so goddamn real it's unbelievable."

A year later, Dylan was even more of a success in the song-writing field. *Blowin' In the Wind*, Guthrie-styled talking blues, antiwar diapacons like the mordant *A Hard Rain*, lyricisms like *Don't Think Twice* and *Boots of Spanish Leather* shot new life into folk. Wrote the editors of the highly respected folk publication *Little Sandy Review*: "... he is certainly our finest contemporary folk-song writer. Nobody else has come close."

Like Guthrie before him, Dylan writes exuberantly but indiscriminately. The savage *Masters of War*, for example, contains such rough-hewn but chilling verses as:

*You've thrown the worst fear  
that can ever be hurled  
fear to bring children  
into the world.*

Alongside high schoolisms like:

*I see through your eyes,  
I see through your brain  
like I see through the water  
that runs down my drain.*

Surrealism can carry him into left field, too. Used sparingly in his satiric or apocalyptic songs, it has an electrifying effect, but all too often he piles it to such excess that images lose power. Much more serious, though, is the assertion that he has used other writers' music without acknowledging it or that he has taken too readily, as his own, material in the public domain.

But maybe in the end it will make no difference. No one can quibble with the way he handles songs out of his own deep experience—songs like the poignant softly prideful *Don't Think Twice* or *Girl From the North Country* or the ironic *God On Our Side*—songs whose restrained eloquence and masterful understatement show Dylan's artistry to be genuinely brilliant. And certainly no one can carp at how well he understands America today. For there is little doubt that Bob Dylan, part folk poet, part hip showman, speaks more powerfully for our times than any other young folk artist. The entire folk revival may well be remembered through him and his songs.

Coming up fast alongside Dylan as a performer, if not writer, is pretty Judy Collins from Denver. An affable young woman (24) with incredibly feline blue-gray eyes, she's as typical of the urban movement as is Dylan. Like many of the others, she has rushed into recording, with three Elektra LPs already to her credit and a fourth on the way. And, typical of most folk musicians, it was listening to old phonograph records that started her out.

"I used to play a Burl Ives' song, then sit in school the next day figuring out how he did it. I'd rush home afterwards and work it out for fun," she says. Formal musical training speeded that learning process, while acquaintance with a Denver folk jockey named Lingo the Drifter eventually turned her toward professional performing. Soon she was following the trail of dozens of others

Finally, the evening drew to an end as The Village Gate darkened, and chairs were piled on table tops. Most of the crowd left in couples, but many students wanted to continue talks and adjourned to nearby Greenwich Village coffeehouses. One group lingered at The Feenjohn until five a.m., listening to Greek music and drinking café mochas.

When it was over, we asked a few departing guests how they liked the night. Steve Abelson, a Syracuse University freshman, said, "The best show I ever saw. I was awfully glad to meet the editors and I even got in a few words with Paddy Clancy."

John Shelton Reid, editor of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology humor magazine, *Voo Doo*, had a shorter comment on the affair: "Terrifique!"

Many guests, like Columbia University Jester editor Jack Auspitz and New York University Square Journal editor Steve Rubin, asked us about upcoming Cavalier college affairs. To make sure none of you miss out on future events, just drop us a letter addressed to our College Department, and we'll take care of the invitations.

Two more requests popped up frequently during the night, and we'll attempt to answer them here. Yes, we are encouraging contributions by collegians. And yes, we are still accepting campus representatives. All such mail should similarly be addressed to our College Department.

See you at our next party.





*"No, I don't know everyone here, but let's leave it that way."*

to Greenwich Village, birthplace and capital of the folk revival, to warble at Gerde's and the Bitter End. Success.

Today she studies technique with a fervor that reminds you of an art singer. Yet, true to an older folk tradition, she feels social commitment to be more important. The controversial ABC *Hootenanny* show offers a case in point. Many singers boycotted it because they felt Pete Seeger had been blacklisted from appearing because of his leftist reputation. But it was folk music's first chance for wide TV exposure, so Judy and many others climbed aboard. But in spite of the wide popularity she enjoyed on the show she quit.

"I couldn't stand the hideous things they were doing to folk music," she explains. "All they were doing was selling soap, and too many people got slapped around selling it. I absolutely refused to go back."

Phil Ochs (pronounced Oaks) is perhaps, other than Dylan, the best example of the new breed because of the exciting way he blends biting lyrics with very listenable music. A former journalism student at Ohio State, he's been performing his bitterly funny commentaries for two years now, all the way from sleek bistros to the mine workers' hall in embattled Hazard, Kentucky.

The music, in its carefully imbalanced yet persistent drive, shows the marked influence of Bob Gibson, though the thoughts are Ochs' own. They sneak up on you like a third Martini. *The Big Parade* starts out with such infectious martial spirit you're ready to do double time—that is, until the subtle antiwar lyrics accumulate and explode like a 155 mm shell. Elsewhere, Ochs gives our isolation treatment of Cuba a going over with a song that comically laments, "The only way to Cuba is with the CIA," and which ends, "The whole world's off limits, visit Disneyland this year."

Like Dylan, Ochs finds his songs getting wide usage, and he has also recorded a flock of them himself for Elektra. That doesn't mean the songs have always had a friendly reception. Ochs, who interestingly enough once attended military academy with Senator Goldwater's son, has been attacked repeatedly by the Right Wing.

Other writers are on the firing line

against social injustice, too, though with less of a political edge to their pens. Len Chandler is one. A 28-year-old Negro with an MA from Columbia, he blasts off at intolerance wherever he finds it, white supremacist or Black Muslim brand. Then there's Oklahoman Tom Paxton whose *The Man That Built the Bridges* and *Marvelous Toy* have been recorded by big selling groups, and whose *Every Time* is one of the finest love ballads to come out of the revival.

A fourth important figure in the writing-singing movement is a girl, Buffy Ste. Marie. Already her quietly antiwar statement, *The Universal Soldier*, has made her name a byword in folk music, while her first Vanguard LP forecasts a top position for her in folk by fall. Still another comer is Mark Spoelstra, currently in California.

Affiliated with the writers in this angry outsider stance is one of the tightest and sometimes most effective little groups within the young folk movement: the white blues singers. The tradition of emulating the raspy voices and funky guitars of the rural Negro is one of the most controversial in folk. When young urbanites like Dave Van Ronk, John Koerner, Erik von Schmidt, or John Hammond cut loose Mississippi-style, their critics howl, "Fake, fake, the music isn't theirs."

In Dave Van Ronk, whose musical development well demonstrates the rebuttal to this charge, you begin to understand white blues psychology. This bearded "old man of white blues" (he is creaking into his late 20s) is a Brooklynite of Dutch-Irish descent. An expert musician with a succession of Folkways, Prestige, and now Mercury albums, he's grown from the imitative into brilliant new interpretations of blues, ragtime, and even the lashing funny songs from *Three Penny Opera*.

But, while Van Ronk's music is constantly changing, his rebellious attitude toward American society remains constant. "All you have to do is look at the square, bourgeois world of the American whites, and you identify with Negroes," he says vehemently. Yet, Van Ronk, who once so closely imitated the Negro, cautions, "In the end it's yourself, not a group of people or ideas, you have to express. Folk music is so full of copy-

ing old styles it's bogging down. It could die from it."

A younger, white, blues singer, Vanguard's John Hammond, so far has hewed more closely to a true Negro sound. As with Van Ronk, the phonograph was Hammond's introduction to the blues. Son of the famous jazz-blues recording executive of the same name, he grew up listening to his father's great collection and by age 13 he was assembling disks of his own latter day "r and b" (rhythm and blues) favorites, like Chuck Berry and Jimmie Reed. Later on, the blues call got so strong he quit Antioch College to work with Negro musicians in California and Florida. Hammond's sensitive face grows taut as he recalls what has happened since.

"People put me down for singing Negro," he says. "But listen, white cats like me do this stuff because they want to, not because they just dig sounding like Negroes. And, man, the life I can lead singing the blues! I don't sit home watching the boob tube every night. I travel all over, see things, sing about all kinds of scenes." His expression changes to one of reverence, "The blues. Wow! So intricate and deep. I find myself in them."

Plenty of others "become" the opposite of their backgrounds, too, though in different musical conventions. Some put on cowboy boots and develop Southern draws to turn into accomplished bluegrass or mountain musicians. The New Lost City Ramblers and the Greenbriar Boys are prime examples of this, equalling the proficiency of their authentic Southern counterparts. This year, though, even more are turning to the rattletrap, ragtimey, washboard-and-kazoo sounds of Negro jug bands of the '30s (Van Ronk's Jug Stompers are the best result so far).

Some of the most successful of the new crop are direct descendants of pioneer families, while many well-known performers claim rural roots. Kentuckian Logan English, who this spring offset an unfortunate string of prematurely recorded LPs with a masterful *Woody Guthrie Songbag* on the 20th Century Fox label, is fast becoming an urban favorite. Through his experienced eyes we gain a disturbing picture of the folk scene.

"I have (continued on page 94)

# U OF WISCONSIN

*The Editor of  
"The Daily Cardinal,"  
who is a  
philosophy major  
at Wisconsin,  
views his contemporaries  
with mild surmise  
from a peak in Madison  
by Jeff Greenfield*

*With a subjective  
photo-portrait of the  
campus scene,  
by Charles Steinhacker,  
far from  
his Dartmouth aerie*

There is no Wisconsin Man.

He is as diverse as the state which sent Robert La Follette and Joseph McCarthy to the United States Senate; he comes to the University from small farms in Wisconsin hamlets and from the cavernous buildings of Manhattan; his beliefs fill the entire spectrum of political, social, and sexual thought; his direction is as universal as the school which teaches both Artificial Insemination of Cows and Ancient Greek on the same campus.

The University of Wisconsin is uniquely Jacksonian: It is a huge, sprawling, overcrowded, raucous, dynamic place to grow up in. Its students drink gallons of milk each week and top the weekend off with kegs of beer (Wisconsin is one of a few schools that permit beer—albeit 3.2—to be served in the student union). It is a university where political freedom is preached and practiced.

A faith in unfettered political action has made Wisconsin "the most picketed campus in America." During an incredible three-day stretch in the fall of 1962, startled onlookers saw a picket against fraternity discrimination, a fraternity march against University regulation, and a civil-rights rally supporting the integration of the University of Mississippi.

Leaving a Board of Regents meeting for a moment, University President Fred Harrington looked out his Bascom Hall window at the rights demonstrators. "Well," he said drily, "at least they're getting interested in something."

This is an understatement. Wisconsin men are interested in the world they're going out to join. Some of them want to change it, too; and Wisconsin has given them a free hand in expressing their dissatisfaction and their suggestions.

This freedom finds ample outlets. Wisconsin opens its forums to all shades of thinking, from Communist Party leaders Gus Hall and Herbert Aptheker to the John Birch Society's John Rousselot and Clarence Manion. It sports a flourishing Conservative Club and a raft of liberal, pacifist, Marxist, Trotskyite, and Socialist groups that never fail to enrage the rural-dominated state legislature.

Its student newspaper, *The Daily Cardinal* (occasionally called "the Daily Red" by disgruntled conserva-

tives), is one of a handful of school papers financially independent from the university. It pays its own way on voluntary subscriptions and advertising, has no editorial faculty advisor, and gleefully publishes columnists whose views alternate between those of Ayn Rand and Karl Marx. It has the incredible task of satisfying a readership of 25,000 students whose interests run from hot-rodding to abstract art, from the Beatles to Beethoven, and from ski weekends to nuclear-test opposition.

When Wisconsin men don't like something, they tell the University about it—and the University often listens. ROTC used to be compulsory at Wisconsin; opposition was channeled into imaginative protests, such as the annual Anti-Military Ball, which follows the glittering Military Ball every year and features skits and satirical songs. Then, during one ROTC marching ceremony at a football game half time, the students welcomed the ROTC boys by singing—in perfect rhythm—the Mickey Mouse Club theme. ROTC was made voluntary in 1960.

The Wisconsin administration, in fact, takes such an open view toward student views that, as a campus leader put it, "If the paper and student government shut down for a year, we'd probably get a seat on the Board of Regents."

In the past year, junior and senior women have been given free hours on weekends. Moreover, a faculty committee, appointed by the president, is expected to liberalize the entire approach to the off-campus social life of the student. It may even abandon the time-honored concept of *in loco parentis*, the theory under which the school supervises the student's life "in the place of the parent."

Wisconsin men live as they think—separately and distinctly. Like Gaul, they are divided into three parts: dorm, "Greek," and independent.

The "dormies," who live relatively far from campus social centers, are branded unfairly as "squares," as apathetic oafs whose main loves are Sheephead playing, loafing, and weekend beer blasts. They exist in large part autonomously, with their own student government and recreational areas. During the long cold winter, it is difficult to muster up the courage needed for a twenty-minute

walk through the snow to attend a lecture or political debate. Limited by law to a six per cent ratio of out-of-state and foreign students, the dorms reflect a somewhat more parochial population and attitude than does the rest of the school, which sports students from every state in the Union and from over 50 foreign countries.

The fraternity man [Greek] is a curious breed. His number has been declining in recent years, as has his influence (neither the top student government positions are held nor is the newspaper run by Greeks). The University has taken an increasingly active role in attempting to prevent racial and religious discrimination in Greek membership. The Inter-Fraternity Association has expressed support for this goal, but wants to run its own house. Despite its support, there is tacit recognition that discrimination does exist. Only one fraternity on campus has Negro members, and that is an all-Negro group.

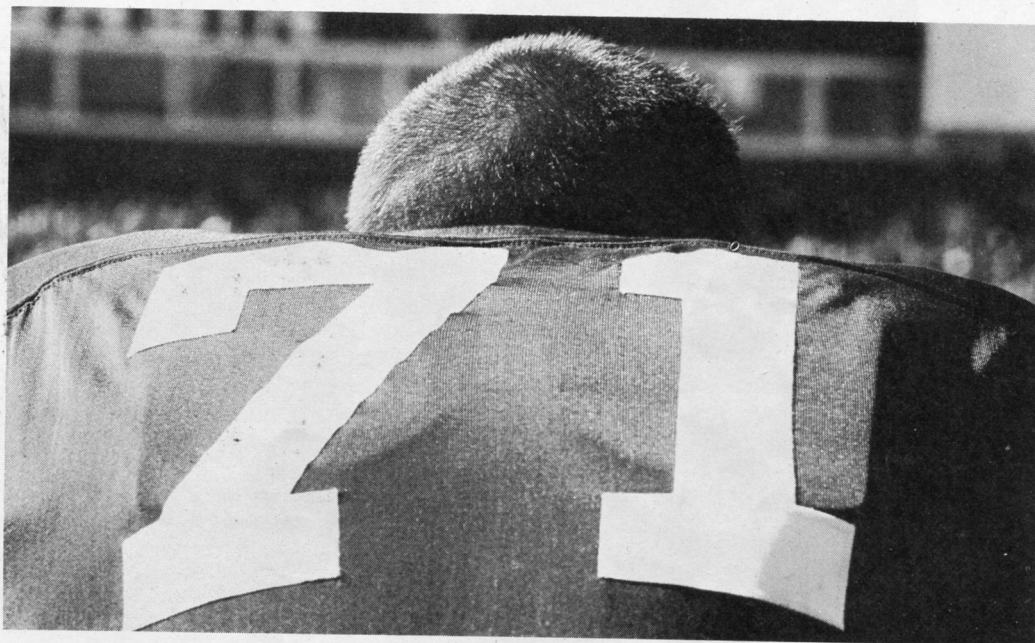
The Wisconsin Greek is the "Joe College" citadel. He has a definite sense of campus obligation (although prodded by the desire to win the blood-drive trophy or homecoming award) and represents the last gasp of the "rah-rah" spirit that has declined as higher education has gained in importance. (In five years, Wisconsin has seen the death of the Prom, Campus Carnival, and the Ice-Carving Contest. Fans are as likely to laugh at the cheerleaders as they are to cheer. In fact, when a pert young thing exhorted the fans to "bring 'em out of the huddle!" a wag obligingly shouted, "Get the hell out of the huddle!")

The Greek resents University intrusion into fraternity affairs, such as discrimination and off-campus regulation of members. Almost 2,000 of them staged a silent protest march in the rain in 1962. They are more than likely to observe that "the Hill is out to get us." Yet often they become disillusioned about fraternity life. Seniors in growing numbers leave the "house" for apartments and the social and sexual flexibility that goes with them. They thus merge with the third group of Wisconsin men: the independents.

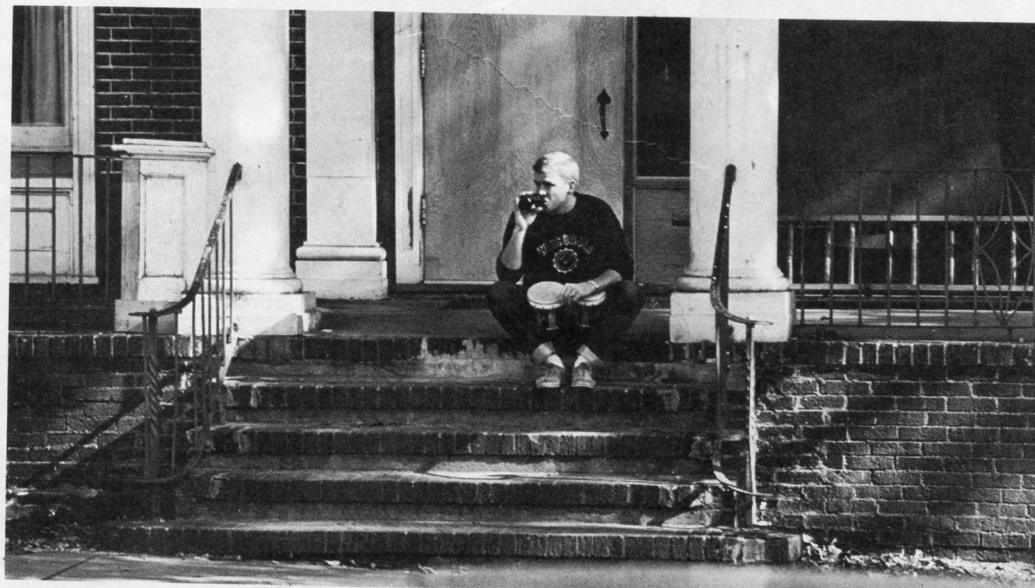
This breed lives in housekeeping units, in private rooms, and in apartments. University rules say a man



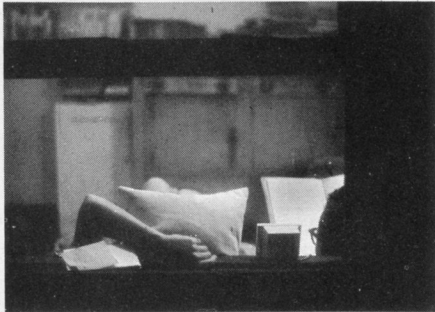
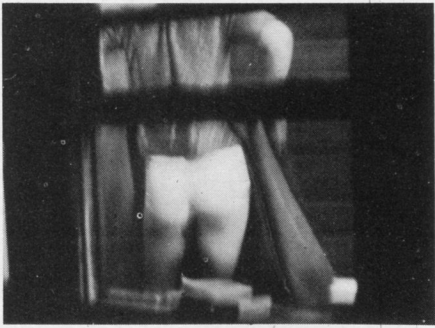
BOY MEETS GIRL AND VICE VERSA



EXISTENTIALIST



THE POET

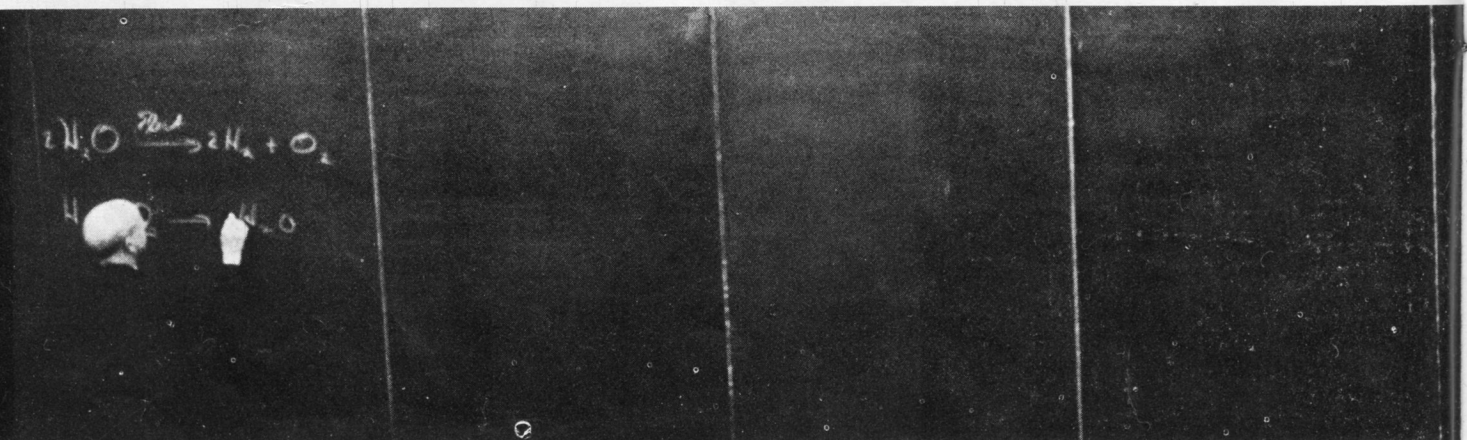


THE STUDIER

THE PROFESSOR



FALLEN HERO



must be 21 to have his own apartment, but the rules are studded with loopholes that make it easy to taste the joys of independence. This is where the bulk of the out-of-state students live.

In large part from urban centers (New York, Chicago, Milwaukee), the independent has a more cosmopolitan outlook on life in general and sex in particular. He likes to live with no strings attached. Six years ago, a candidate won the presidency of the Independent Students Association on a one-point platform: Abolish the Independent Students Association. He did.

Sex rears its lovely head most often in these independent circles. Girls are uniquely out of place in dormitory and fraternity rooms, and the great outdoors holds little promise for the fires of love when it's 20 below outside.

Apartments, therefore, are the chief stamping ground for the amorous Wisconsin man and his companion. Rules forbid women spending the night with men, but this rule has all the impact of Prohibition. Willing young ladies obligingly sign out to friends' homes and give instructions to tell any inquisitive housemother that the errant lass is in church, bird-watching, or studying an eclipse.

The "beat-theatre-art" crowd plays the beloved game of "musical beds" with frequent trades, alliances, and breakups. Engaged couples do not accept the code that premarital sex is wrong. "As long as you're going to be married, I don't see what's wrong with it," a 20-year-old coed said frankly.

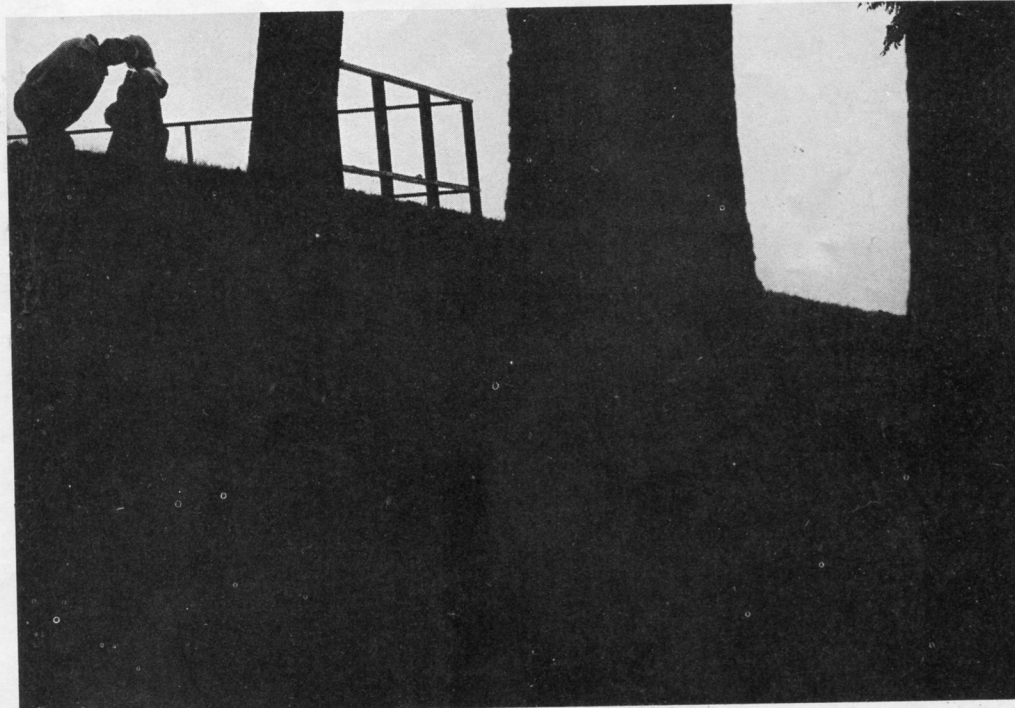
Even those who do not practice sex don't demand or want a virgin for a husband. "One of us sure as heck better know what's going on," a junior commented.

Wisconsin men do not, unfortunately, enjoy a year-long Dionysus. A large percentage of men are still "saving it for their wives," and probably a majority of Badgerettes remain intact until their wedding nights—or so disgruntled Wisconsin men often indicate.

Virginity does not, however, mean what it once did. Short of actual intercourse, there are pretty much no holds barred. Dormitory lounges on weekends resemble De Mille's *Ten Commandments*. (cont. on pg. 38)

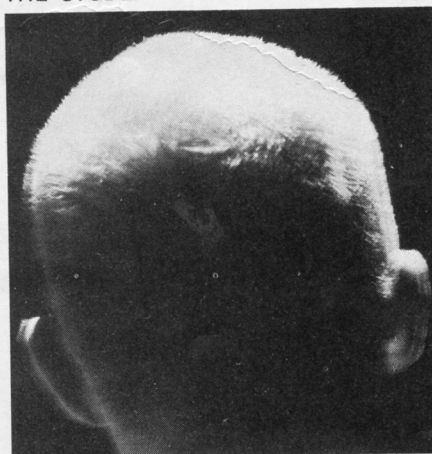


WINTER'S ICY GRIP

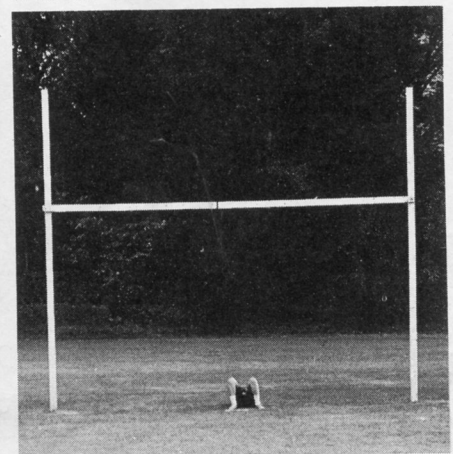


THE RENDEZVOUS

THE STUDENT



A HARD DAY





*"Please, professor! Not in the groves of academe!"*

# U OF PENNSYLVANIA

Last fall, the Ford Motor Company examined its promotion program for young people. Plans included Falcon Car Clubs, Rod & Custom Shows (some 25 a week), a panel of airline stewardesses to make décor recommendations, and the boosting of such rock 'n' roll records as *Hey, Little Cobra* and *Whaddaya Do When Your Daddy Takes the T-Bird?*

But the greatest single source of young lively ones—the colleges—was being overlooked. Moving quickly, Ford has remedied the situation by scheduling a unique series of Folk and Jazz Wing-Dings that will touch down on 300 American campuses before the year is out. And the colleges love it.

At the University of Pennsylvania recently, Ford's prefall Eastern tour of Nina Simone, Herbie Mann (below), Ron Eliran, and The Moonshiners played to a clued-in college crowd composed of students from the U. of P., LaSalle, Villanova, Temple, and St. Joseph's.

There was something for everyone. First on tap were The Moonshiners,

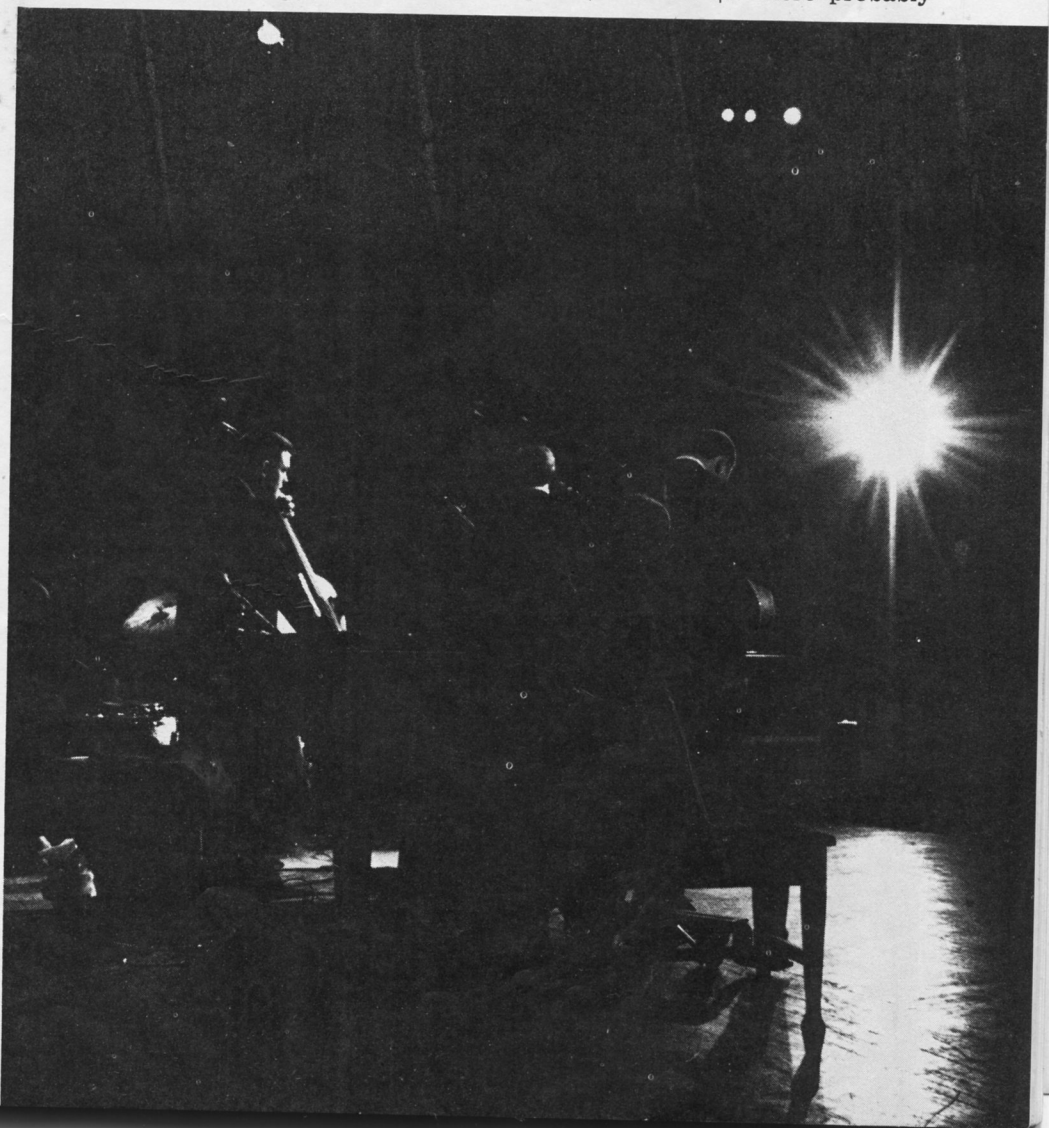
a young threesome from Massachusetts with fine guitar work and high humor. After them came Ron Eliran, a native Israeli whose satires range from hip Hebrew to U. S. politics.

Then Ford rolled out its big guns. Herbie Mann is perhaps the world's most accomplished jazz flutist, and his Afro-Cuban arrangements are perfectly wedded to a college audience. Nina Simone, who sang a ten-minute blending of two Southern spirituals, gave encore after encore.

"Usually, when concerts come to Penn," said the U. of P.'s *Daily Pennsylvanian* junior editor, Mary Selman, "they're only made up of one act. The show was so good that a lot of senior seminars were called off to allow everyone a chance to come."

With an estimated outlay of \$200,000, Ford isn't taking chances on anything less than perfection. Traveling with the Wing-Ding is a lighting and sound crew fitted out with extensive experience and expensive equipment. The financial arrangements are such that the colleges make a profit, and for \$1 there probably

*Sounding off  
at the University  
of Pennsylvania,  
a unique  
folk-and-jazz concert  
tour throws a  
one-stop Wing-ding  
before going  
on to hundreds of  
other colleges*  
by LAWRENCE LINDERMAN



ST. JOSEPH'S AND BRYN MAWR



HERBIE MANN



isn't a college student extant unable to attend. Every college visited has invited back the Wing-Ding troupe which will hit the concert trail again this fall.

"God bless Ford," wrote Lehigh University junior James F. Dulicai in the student newspaper, *Brown & White*, and while other college journalists are not going quite that far, no one's knocking it either.

"Most people don't realize it," said Ford's Frank Zimmerman in Dearborn, Mich., "but in only a few years the 20-24-year age bracket will jump 51 per cent in size. We already know that one out of every three people between 20 and 24 buys a new or used car each year. What better place to meet our future buyers than in the colleges?"

At the Gilbert Marketing Group, in New York, which administers the Wing-Dings, an executive noted that Ford, unhampered by a tight budget, can concentrate on college tastes.

The motor firm won't limit itself to jazz and folk music. Any new college trend in entertainment will be included in the Wing-Dings, which is why the too-binding term *hootenanny* was avoided.

At the U. of Pennsylvania's Ervine Auditorium, blonde Cheryl Desch and St. Joseph's Jay Gallagher (above, left) said they had never seen Herbie Mann perform before, but both have listened to his records for years. Nina Simone and Ron Eliran (opposite page) are both college favorites, with Nina the queen of them all. Bearded Martin McGurrin (shown on opposite page with the U. of P.'s Eddie King and Barbara Jarvis of Beaver College) had this to say:

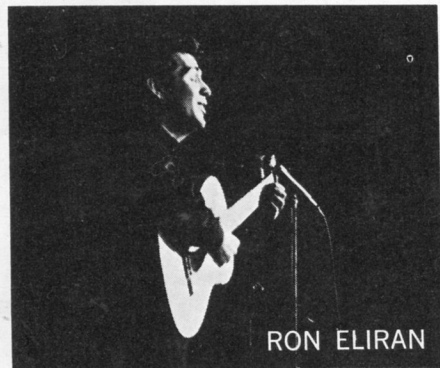
"For what I paid, this is probably the best show I've ever seen or will see. None of the big manufacturers really seems interested in college students or at least interested enough to go after them. The students are aware, of course, that Ford is using a soft sell, but they don't mind in the least. Why should they?"

Although Ford doesn't have any truly accurate way to gauge the results of its Wing-Ding program, the company is optimistic. Zimmerman reports that company sales to the under 25-year-old buyer have jumped greatly since one year ago. Whether jazz and folk will jump them any more is for the '65 crystal ball. □

NINA SIMONE



RON ELIRAN



FANS FROM PENN, BEAVER, AND TEMPLE (ABOVE) . . . AND FROM ALL OVER



(continued from page 33)

The good-night scene, as closing hours approach, looks like Grand Central Station in New York on the day the boys leave for boot camp.

Because it is impossible to talk about a Wisconsin man, it is impossible to generalize about his attitudes toward the world he will soon enter. Most are like their counterparts at any other school: self-centered, apathetic, ready to coast to a middle-class niche and moderate affluence on the strength of a college diploma.

## JAMES JONES INTERVIEW

(continued from page 16)

artistic maturity, is one of the best American films ever made and has already achieved the status of the classic rerun. Ernest Borgnine, Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Deborah Kerr . . . several major careers were marked by the searching, savage imagery of Jones' inner eye.

*Some Came Running* followed, with Sinatra as Dave Hirsh, the warrior come home with the ineradicable salt of the unknown wound in his mouth. *The Pistol*, only a taut 158 pages, still awaits the camera. Now, Phil Yordan, an associate of Samuel (*El Cid*) Bronston, has purchased the best-selling *Thin Red Line*. And this last, to this infantryman from another field, could become a really great war movie—and, that is, a really great antiwar movie.

"The true test of an antiwar film," Jones wrote last year, "is whether or not it shows that modern war destroys human character." Jones' C-for-Charlie company had no heroes, and there wouldn't be a part in the film for Kirk Douglas. But his story attempts the task laid down by Siegfried Sassoon:

*Who shall absolve the foulness  
of their fate  
Those doomed, conscripted,  
unvictorious ones?*

And it could, on celluloid, try again to convince us, as Remarque tried with *All Quiet on the Western Front* to convince the generation now dying, that in war the only victor is war.

There is a kind of discontent about the world for many, though, and a deep enthusiasm for a concept which offers a chance to make a better world. The Peace Corps recruited a record number of applicants during a one-week program last spring (Deputy Director Bill Moyers called Wisconsin "the Peace Corps U."), and Wisconsin can take pride in having had more graduates lead the National Student Association in the last ten years than has any other school.

What sets the Wisconsin men off, basically, is the University itself. It

welcomes diversity; it encourages dissent; it takes all who want a college education yet demands standards which eliminate almost one-third of each class within one semester. In other words Wisconsin is not a one-track school. It is as broadly directed as the students who come to it.

Wisconsin men, in sum, are different. They share nothing of each other's ideals, goals, interests, or beliefs—nothing, in fact, but the same diploma. They may all be grateful, however, that Wisconsin makes room for all its men and makes them all welcome. □

HANNON: Do you "visualize" a scene as you write?

JONES: I think I have a strong ability to visualize. But I'm not sure this helped to sell the books or helps my current film work. The important thing is to have a strong structural sense.

Jones has worked on several films and is currently involved with a major, but highly secret, Western epic. For Darryl Zanuck's *The Longest Day*, he was supposed to add authentic army dialogue. If it *had* been authentic, the movie would never have been screened in public. Jones is an acknowledged master of this particular art form and has been known to air his repertoire in polite society.

HANNON: Weren't you the first novelist to use the four-letter word—Sgt. Warden to Karen Holmes in *Eternity*—when others like Norman Mailer were futzing around with synonyms like "fug?" Do you feel you can take some credit for the recent and welcome advance in literary freedom? Or do you think this freedom has already gone far enough?

JONES: I suppose, and I would like to think, I helped. As to the last part, I don't think it can ever go far enough.

Some of the better-known American reviewers don't agree with him on that point. Orville Prescott, in the *New York Times*, said that *Red Line* was "needlessly and tediously full of the obscenities of soldier talk and of irrelevant and repellent sexual figures of speech." *Time* magazine de-

scribed Jones' narrative style as "feces-on-the-barroom-floor realism."

HANNON: Do you think literary critics perform a useful and worthy function?

JONES: I suppose so. They've got to do something to make a living.

He wrote his last book in an annex off his bedroom, but now he has burst through into the *étage* above and has an office complete with bed, bar, and *bidet*. It is marvellously untidy with cans of Revelation pipe mixture and cartons of Marlboros, shotguns in and out of cases, handfuls of cartridges, Arabian chessmen, tape recorder, books on skin diving and on fish and on war and on women, upright typewriter, phone on the rug, pile of dirty laundry (shed by an overnight guest), sheafs of photographs, Pamplona souvenirs, and screwed-up balls of paper everywhere. Jones threw away the first four drafts of the first chapter of his new novel.


"Everytime I begin a book," he says, "it's like learning to write all over again. For me, writing is the utmost misery. Each time, I hate the book I have just finished writing."

HANNON: Finally, Jim, is there any popular misconception about you as either a writer or as a man that you'd like to correct? Here's your chance to amend the public record . . .

JONES: I am not a tough guy. I am not a lucky dumbhead. On the contrary, I'm a terrible coward and I'm really quite bright. □



*"Research and scholarship are all very well, Dr. Novotny,  
but we must also win the affection of our students."*



# RATING THE CAMPUS PRESIDENTIAL VOTE



## 1. THE WHOLE SCENE:

*beginning to boil*



## 2. ON THE SPOT

*Syracuse University  
University of California  
University of Utah  
Bennett College  
Columbia University  
University of Texas  
Ohio State University  
Yale University  
University of Wisconsin  
University of Virginia  
Briarcliff College  
Temple University  
University of North Carolina  
University of Washington*



## BY ARTHUR BLAUSTEIN



Across the country in this 1964 election year, American college students on hundreds of campuses are realizing their position as a growing political force and becoming concerned, more than ever, in the direction our country is taking nationally and internationally. With the increased likelihood of a lowered voting age and the realization that with his participation in civil rights demonstrations he can help pick a President or break the back of racial discrimination, the student is withdrawing from his traditional role of indifference and becoming politically engaged.

There have been times in the past when students took an active part in politics—such as the thousands of students stampeding the 1940 Republican Convention in Philadelphia chanting: “We Want Wilkie.” But, with the return of the veterans to campus in the “Quonset hut era” of the middle and late ’40s and with the stultifying and inhibiting effects on political opinion promoted by the McCarthy era of the early ’50s, the student became part of the “Silent Generation” and apathetically stayed away from the political scene.

But in the ’50s Adlai Stevenson and President Eisenhower both realized the latent importance of involving students in public affairs. Stevenson addressed himself to the intellectual community, and Eisenhower, appealing to the younger and more progressive elements in the Republican Party, established Youth for Eisenhower. Both found a source of manpower during their campaigns, but neither brought the student forth *en masse*.

It was, however, the Kennedy movement and the establishment of The New Frontier that created in the student a sense of his real place in politics and public affairs. American students became the prime source of Kennedy’s Peace Corps, took an active part in peace movements, picketed against Congressional investigations, rode integrated buses into the South, and helped challenge local laws which denied civil rights. With this came a growing political sophistication that indicated a heavier emphasis on issues rather than parties or personalities.

The student no longer felt isolated in his ivory tower, for political candidates not only scheduled appearances

and speeches on campus, but also established student campus organizations for their support, such as the Young Republicans, the Young Americans for Freedom, and the Young Democrats. In addition, modern communication, including television, provides another means of confrontation between candidates and student voters.

With the population explosion and the increasing numbers going to college, the political experts realize that the campus is the greatest single source of future precinct voters, leaders, and candidates. Barry Goldwater's call for "the thunder from the right" with the consequent establishment of student Goldwater groups is but one example of this recognition.

Until the death of Kennedy, the coming election seemed to the students to be an impending clash between Goldwater and Kennedy, and, therefore, the students were actively aligning themselves behind these two candidates. However, with the death of Kennedy, a great political apathy once more descended temporarily upon campuses all across the country. That apathy, with a political confusion, has lasted into the late spring, far past the one-month period of national mourning and the moratorium on national political debate.

Many students identified closely with Kennedy. They felt that he was the focus of the vital thrust of youth against outworn ideas and outdated social patterns. He espoused causes that are important to student hearts: civil rights, the Peace Corps, and aid to education. The President's appointments, drawn mainly from university campuses, consisted of notable young academicians. This reflected the President's respect for the university as a mainstream institution. It was also clear to the students that the arts and letters which are important to them were also extremely important to Kennedy. Thus, the death of Kennedy had a greater impact on campus than elsewhere.

Now that the election draws closer, and the student realizes that he must fight for the continuance of The New Frontier, apathy and shock are passing away. The ferment on campus is coming to a boil.

An additional factor serving to galvanize student action is that the Presidential campaign will probably

be one in which voting-age qualification will become an issue. This makes the campuses a prime target for candidates. A special fact-finding committee appointed by "executive order" of the President has recommended the lowering of the voting-age requirement. The basis of the report cited the fact that widespread public apathy exists among adults—only about 60 per cent of those eligible vote in a Presidential election.

It was the general feeling of the committee that the waiting period between the ages of 18 to 21—between the time when most Americans have had their last civics class and the time when they first may vote—created a gap in their personal interest and self-education toward politics. Therefore, a national lowering of the voting age would allow individuals to maintain the continuity of a political habit. (The Federal Government cannot legislate in this area, as it is the states which set the age qualifications.)

At present only four states—Georgia (18), Kentucky (18), Alaska (19), and Hawaii (20)—have lowered the age-21 barrier. It is interesting to note that none of these states is in an area of traditional political progressiveness; i.e., the Great Plains, the Northwest, or New England. If a particular candidate does make an issue of this proposal, he will find a ready-made campaign force on campuses throughout the country.

Political fervor on campus will most likely be achieved when the confusion of numerous candidates for the Republican Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominations has been eliminated. At this moment, Senator Barry Goldwater, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Governor George Romney, Harold Stassen, Governor William Scranton, Richard Nixon, and Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge are all more or less in the Republican arena, while President Johnson stands alone on the Democratic side. Undoubtedly, the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate—Sargent Shriver, Robert Kennedy, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Mayor Robert Wagner, and Senator Eugene McCarthy have been mentioned—will also influence the amount of student-backing for Johnson.

A general poll conducted by this writer of students from many cam-

puses across the country reveals the following attitudes toward those in the running:

#### DEMOCRATS

##### *Presidential nomination.*

There is absolutely no competition. Lyndon Johnson has the nomination hands down. The great majority of students from all sections of the country feel that the President is carrying on, as well as possible, with the Kennedy program which pleases them.

##### *Vice-Presidential nomination.*

Hubert Humphrey rates highest in the estimation of the students, particularly at Ivy League schools, at the larger Midwest schools, in metropolitan cities, and in the Far West. There are even small pockets of Humphrey-for-President support in these areas.

Robert Kennedy rates high in New England, New York, and the Midwest. Most of the students who support RFK plaintively state that he would be a more "Realpolitik" candidate than an idealistic one.

Robert F. Wagner is mentioned as a possible dark-horse candidate in New York and among only a minority of students in other areas.

Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota is often mentioned by the self-styled liberal Democrats. He has very little national support outside of New York, California, and his home state.

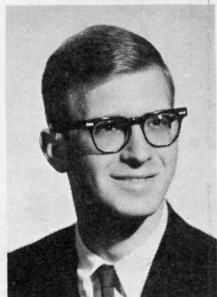
Sargent Shriver has been mentioned by only a handful of students. Almost nothing is known about him other than his work in the Peace Corps.

#### REPUBLICANS

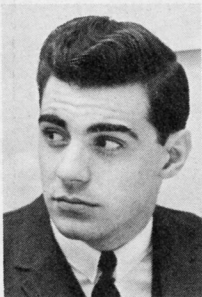
##### *Presidential nomination.*

Senator Barry Goldwater has the most vocal, although not the majority, support of young Republicans. Young Americans for Freedom have lined up squarely behind their conservative hero. In many states where conservatives are extremely well organized they have managed to take over control of the machinery of the Young Republican Clubs. Witness the recent bitter fight in California during the YR convention. Forces backing the Senator are extremely active in the Southwest, the Midwest, and the Deep South; to a lesser extent in New England; and are in complete control of Young Republican groups

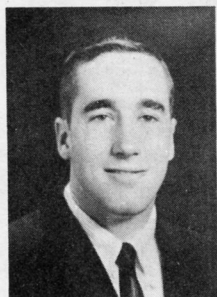
## TEN CAMPUS POLL-ITICIANS



Jack Auspitz  
COLUMBIA



Ed Benett  
TEMPLE



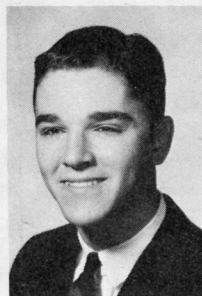
Bob Samsot  
U OF NORTH CAROLINA



Mary McGowan  
U OF CALIFORNIA



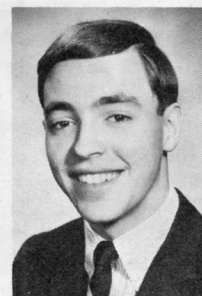
Allan Kort  
SYRACUSE U



Ed Linden  
U OF VIRGINIA



Nancy Wiggins  
BENNETT



George Billock  
YALE



Tom Buckham  
OHIO STATE



Lieuen Adkins  
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

in the Rocky Mountain area. It should be noted that in every area except the Rocky Mountains, where the Goldwater forces are solidly in control, there is also strong anti-Goldwater sentiment. The opposition is there, but as yet it is amorphous and has not begun to rally behind another candidate.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller has mustered the support of the former liberal Eisenhower Republicans. His strength is mostly in the East, the Middle Atlantic states and the Far West, primarily in the larger metropolitan areas.

George Romney has completely failed to capture the imagination of students even in his own backyard, the Midwest.

Harold Stassen is not taken as seriously as he was twelve years ago, when he was a favorite among students. He's called the perennial "poor Harold."

The "professionals" among student politicians are quietly talking about Richard Nixon. Although there are no formal Nixon-for-President Clubs at this time, at least one out of three student Republicans predicts that he will probably get the nomination if a dark-horse, progressive-moderate cannot be groomed and boomed by convention time.

Governor William Scranton is the dark-horse candidate. In recent months he has been mentioned more often on campus. Although there are no Scranton-for-President Clubs on campus at this writing and though most students know very little about his position on national issues, he seems to be a personality that the progressive Republicans feel they can rally around.

Add Ambassador Lodge's coup in the New Hampshire primary, and the student's confusion is increased.

Following are fourteen student opinions from various campuses around the country which best reflect their own estimation of the coming election and what part the student will play in it.

### SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY—ALLAN KORT

While politicians are rallying delegate support for this summer's national conventions, many college students carry on their daily routine virtually unaffected by the drama that surrounds them. The disinterest

in the political circus is not to be blamed on the individual student, but rather on the communications outlets in his community.

A check of the 26 college daily newspapers in the country revealed that only three delved even superficially into the traipsings of the Rockefellers, the Goldwaters, and the Chase Smiths. Five New York State newspapers, which could be expected to take an interest in the political ambitions of Governor Rockefeller, have yet to report his candidacy.

The newspapers that have reported the recent political campaigns have unfortunately sinned more than their apathetic counterparts by researching the candidates too superficially. Moreover, the abundance of political columnists that flooded the college scene in the 1950s no longer exists.

Because of this unfortunate situation, students who are dissatisfied with the existing political-thought groups are seeking new avenues of communication.

At Syracuse University, one such avenue was the mock convention in which political groups and honoraries represented the different states and researched to find the direction in which the state's votes would go. Several weeks were spent by each group aligning the delegation's vote, and finally a convention was held to tally the results. This year, the University fathers announced there was a lack of funds to carry on such a program. Citizenship and political science majors interested in politics attempted to raise the money (about \$3,000) on their own and have only hit the halfway mark at this time.

To others, however, political conventions are only "kid stuff," outgrowths of the aesthetic atmosphere of political science classes which teach theory and not practicality.

These students find stimulation in political clubs, such as Students for Goldwater, Students for Rockefeller, Young Democrats, Young Republicans, Americans for Democratic Action, Young Americans for Freedom, and the American Civil Liberties Union. These groups, however, represent only five per cent of the campus community. Unknown to the average student, its membership is stereotyped as being composed of pseudo-intellectuals, (continued on page 84)

REPEAT...LINDA VERAS...REPEAT...LINDA VERAS...

CAVALIER DATE-OF-THE-MONTH

“Such stuff as dreams are made on”



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The beauty of Linda Veras is such that we at CAVALIER let loose a cheer and join her revolutionary cause as she shatters one of our "unbreakable rules." For 21 months we have presented a new Weekend Date in each issue. Now, we break with all tradition by redating Linda, who not only established a true touchstone for loveliness in our February issue but also set a precedent as our first expanded gatefold, a miss well worth viewing 33 1/3 per cent larger, as you see.





In her native hills of Bolzano in Northern Italy, the environs of her present Roman domicile, and across the campuses of the United States this blue-eyed 21-year-old has been acclaimed. Reader response has been without parallel. Among other honorary laurels, Linda was nominated as Miss Winter Quarter at Georgia Tech, president of the Freshman Class at Temple U.'s School of Pharmacy, R.P.I. Roommate of the Year, Miss Cottonwood House at Penn State.



CAVALIER DATE-OF-THE-MONTH



MISS JUNE WEEKEND

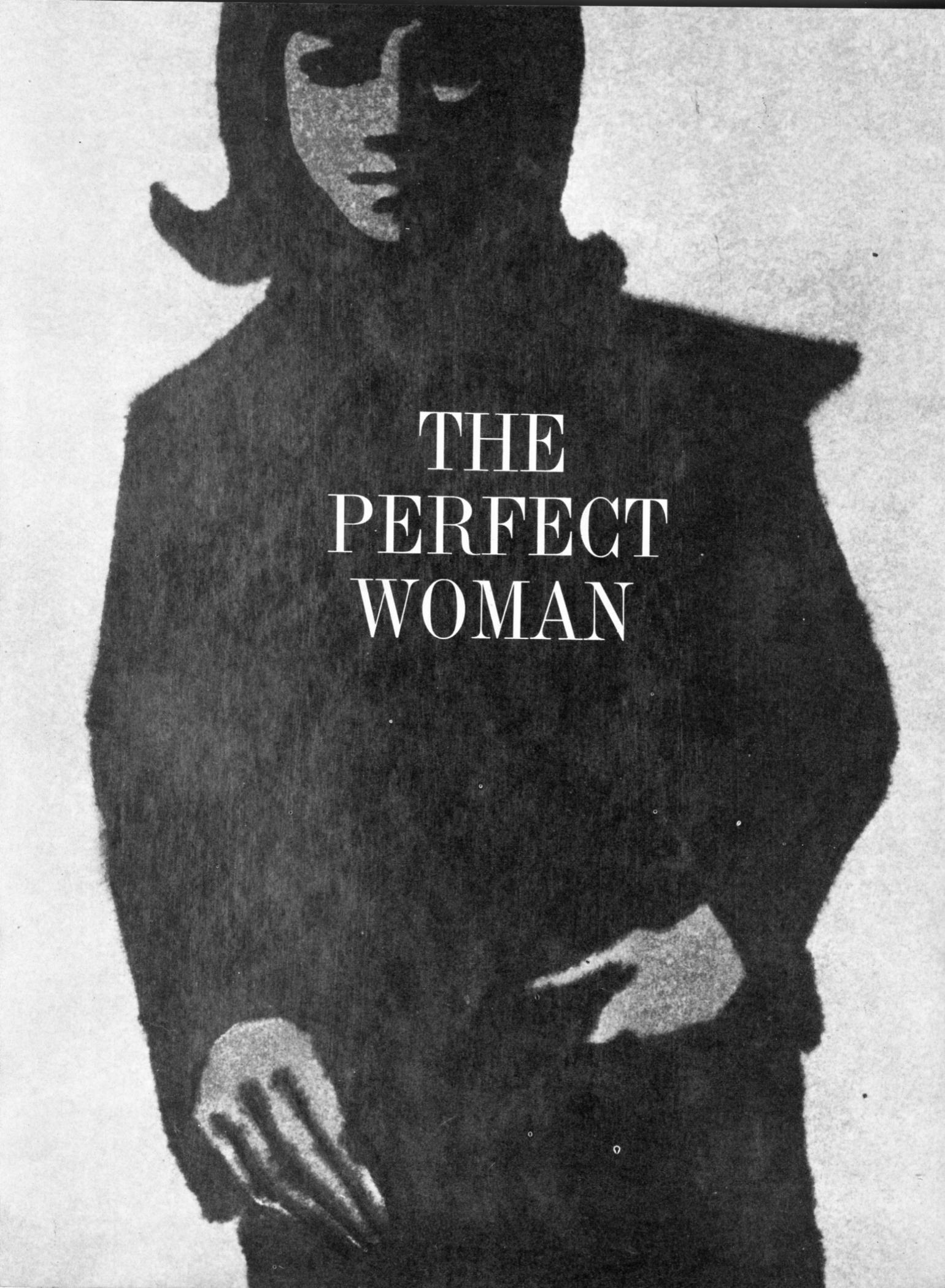
It is fitting that American college men have such high praise for Linda. For this multilingual *signorina* (she also speaks English, French, and German) has met many young Americans in Italy and comes away singing endearments. "After the Italian runs out of winks and pinches, he is not so sure of himself, and it is then that the American becomes the more attractive to me—more poised, even when very young. I would like to find out more—in America." We hope she will.





Linda, who learned to swim in the two fast-flowing rivers of Bolzano, often is found at the rocky beaches of Ostia when a free moment appears in her understandably busy schedule. After a day in the water, the irresistibly wistful girl within this woman is renewed, and Linda is apt to spend hours afterward luxuriating in her Rome apartment. To everlastingly enshrine her incandescent grace in your mind, our favorite date stands 5' 6" and measures 38-24-37.





THE  
PERFECT  
WOMAN

He had to fall in love  
with a beautiful wrestling fan,  
but then she began  
to torment him with  
psychological half nelsons  
when she revealed  
her strange, perverse whim  
of passion.

CAVALIER fiction by  
**RICHARD GARDNER**

There is a certain question which is put to every bachelor for the first time at around thirty, and which he hears with increasing frequency from that time on. It is usually put to him by a married woman, after, of course, a decent interval following the introductions—say, about five minutes. At which time, she cocks her head to one side, rakes you up and down with a glance that is at once regretful and speculative (I'm never sure if I'm being measured for a shroud or silk pajamas), and inquires, "How is it, Mr. Bachelor, that you have never married?"

"Well, Mrs. Married Woman, maybe it is because one night I found the girl to satisfy my fiercest fixations, the one creature in the world created just for me. It was at the wrestling matches. (No, I am not a wrestler, nor am I a fan, which is unfortunate, since I happen to be a television cameraman.)

She was in the front row almost directly across the ring from my camera. I kept seeing her through my viewfinder, just a little out of focus, softly lovely, framed in the flabby angles of a half nelson here, just around the edge of a step-over toe hold there, bobbing repeatedly into view as she screamed hearty invective at the evening's villain, an implacable Filipino billed as the Buddha.

Fixed in my sights, her hair was glossy black, cut short and tousled,

her body a darkly swollen promise of substance in black skirt and sweater, her mouth plump and fiercely sullen each time the referee failed to note the Buddha's rabbit punches. She was perfect. Somehow I knew. There is a kind of magic, you know.

Twenty seconds after the director had me off the air, I was beside her in the crowded aisle, bending across to offer an effusive greeting to her escort, the West Coast International Catch-as-catch-can Welterweight Wrestling Champion of the World, Hornbill Henry Jackson, sometimes billed as The Link, and one of the hairiest men in wrestling. If there were ever any doubters of Darwin's theory, here was the guy who shut them up.

"Hey, Hornbill, I meant to tell you how good you were last week."

A certain pleasure made itself apparent in the cauliflower curds of Hornbill's face. "Yeah?"

"Your image, it's different. You don't always win. That's clever. How about a drink, you two?"

In no time at all I had them opposite me in a booth in the Wagon Wheel Bar and Grill. I had to introduce myself to her; Cro-Magnon was busy thinking over his image.

She was pleased to meet me. She was Jenny Sailor. She was 26 years old. She was already a little loaded, but, yes, she would have a beer. It was interesting that I was a televi-

sion cameraman. And what did I do for kicks?

"Look for girls like you," I said.

Her eyes held steadily on mine for a moment, calculating motives, I supposed. The grave intensity in my gaze must have impressed her, for the long lashes splashed suddenly down across her cheeks, and a pink-brown confectionary flush spread across the saddle of her small chiseled nose. I realized a bonus discovery: freckles. I was crazy for freckles, just a few on the bridge of the nose.

"*Exactly* like me?" she inquired in a frail, sly, little voice.

"So far," I said.

She looked up again, and there was the metal I looked for, a steely glint of mockery. Her plump lip curled, and she snorted, "Don't be too sure."

"And what do you do for kicks?" I asked.

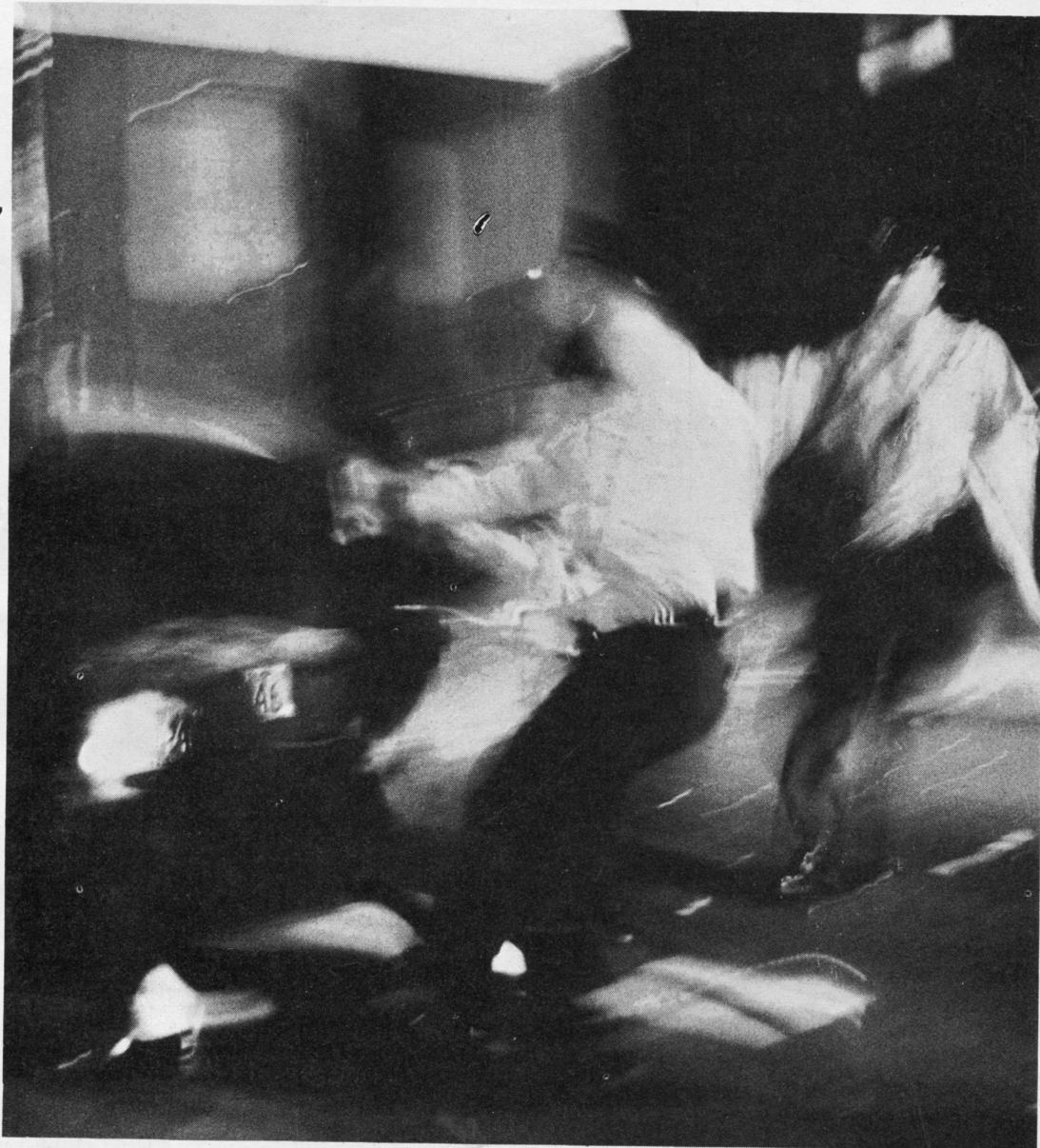
She snorted again, and, with her smile becoming very nearly a sneer, turned her gaze upon Hornbill. "I'm kooky about wrestling."

"That," I assured her, "is perfectly all right with me."

By that time, Hornbill had returned to the land of the living with an urgent desire to communicate, and we listened while he recounted an endless number of professional anecdotes—the time the Masked Marvel tore a ligament getting into his tights, the evening the Baron lost his monocle (*continued on page 62*)

# THE GREAT COLLEGE COPULATION EXPLOSION

The  
fundamental  
dating  
pattern  
of under-  
graduates  
today is  
"going  
steady!"  
As a result,  
sex  
beats  
night  
baseball  
as a  
pastime  
in the  
college  
community,  
and the  
copulation  
explosion  
has joined  
big woolly  
sweaters  
and  
monogrammed  
beer mugs  
as a  
standard  
part  
of the  
extracurricular  
life.  
This is  
Part II  
of an  
examination  
of the  
current  
sexual  
revolution  
on campus  
by James L.  
Collier



PANTY RAID RIOT by Charles Stein Hacker

"Some students lead casual sex lives, but most become involved only with the person they are going to marry."

"Generally, premarital intercourse is indulged in only by couples who plan to marry eventually."

The author of the first statement is Robert Rosenblatt, editor-in-chief of the C.C.N.Y. paper, *The Campus*. The author of the second is Dean Mills, editor of Iowa's *Daily Iowan*. What is startling about them is not the admission that there is fornication on college campuses; it is the fact that both statements were made in proof of the notion that the students on their campuses are a moral, nay, righteous group. Hardly anybody, the editors are saying, has much sex but steadies and the engaged, and, goodness, who cares anything about that?

An earlier generation might have had another opinion. What editors Rosenblatt and Mills have failed to grasp is that this tolerance of premarital sex represents a significant revolution in sexual mores. A generation ago, sex before the marriage, officially at least, was out of the question. Never in the history of America has sex been permissible for engaged people, and certainly not for steadies. In fact, it is still taboo'd by church and outlawed by state. Apparently editors Rosenblatt and Mills have forgotten that nearly everywhere in the United States you can go to jail for sex before marriage.

Yet, in a sense, Rosenblatt and Mills are right. Perhaps, unwittingly, their remarks reflect the fact that the sexual revolution on campus is not only wholly real, but almost certain to roll on and on until coitus becomes as regular a part of the scholastic life as monogrammed beer mugs and big woolly sweaters.

The proof—if any is needed—lies in a half-dozen, fat, scholarly tomes with titles as

substantial as the statistics bedecking them. Most important, perhaps, are Ira Reiss' *Premarital Sex Standards in America*, Lester A. Kirkendall's *Premarital Intercourse and Interpersonal Relationships*, and, especially, Winston Ehrmann's *Premarital Dating Behavior*. These, along with two or three other studies, including the aging but still redoubtable Kinsey reports, make it quite clear that sex indeed beats night baseball as a pastime in the college community.

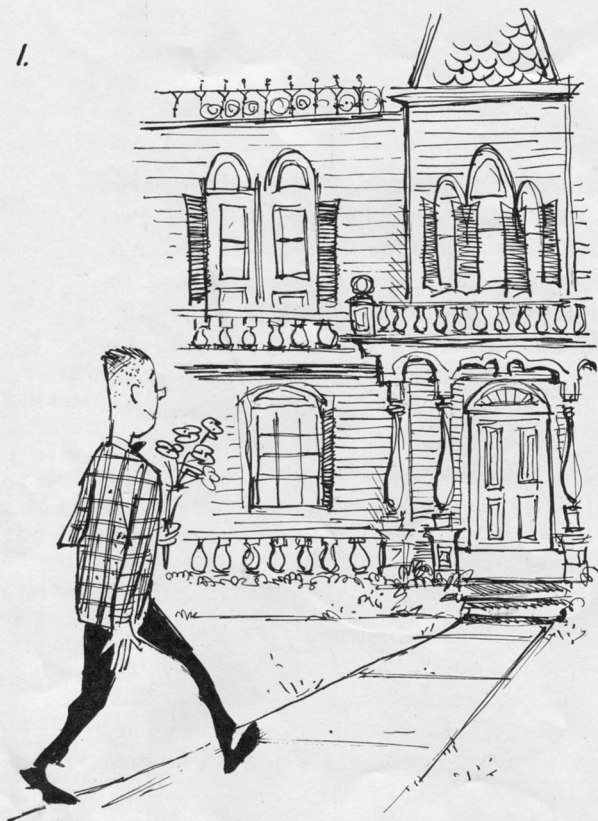
Dry they may be, but statistics tell the story. The first tale they tell is of a dating pattern which doddering ancients in their 30s and 40s must find astonishing. The average woman in Winston Ehrmann's study of 1,000 students on a big-city campus, for example, was dating better than four times a week.

Three-quarters of his girls dated between ten and 30 times a month. Indeed, he turned up eight social butterflies who were dating over 45 times a month. Some of these coeds ate lunch with their boys three or four times a week, saw them virtually every night, and usually spent the whole weekend with them in one date after another. In fact, some of these couples were together so much that it is perhaps more accurate to say that they dated just once a month—all month long.

The men in Ehrmann's study dated less often, but they were nonetheless going out, on the average, twice a week (presumably Friday and Saturday nights), and many of them were dating twice as often. Ehrmann's figures were taken from a campus where the women far outnumbered the men, which partially explains this statistical anomaly.

It may surprise the current generation of college people to know that this kind of dating was extremely rare back in the jiving-at-the-Sugar-Bowl days. During the '30s and well into the '40s, neither college nor parent

1.



2.



3.



4.



would let a girl date more than once or twice a week. Few boys, in fact, except for the well-to-do could afford to date much oftener than on Saturday night. In that depression day when the standard wage for college students was 25 cents an hour (or lower) a three-dollar date was an expensive one. Unquestionably, the general prosperity in America has had a considerable effect on college dating patterns.

The major effect, however, has not to do with prosperity, but with the creation, since World War II, of a new and particularly American institution. To our college students, going steady seems as natural and inevitable as beer on Saturday night. The fact is quite the reverse.

For one thing, going steady—indeed, even dating—is virtually nonexistent elsewhere in the world. Says Fernando Henriques, a cultural anthropologist of considerable repute: "Dating and its concomitant 'petting' is a peculiarly American institution. . . . Although garnished with all the trappings of courtship, dating is not, strictly speaking, courtship proper (i.e., the prelude to sexual fulfillment or marriage)." And he goes on to say: "Americans, like all other peoples, suffer from ethnocentrism. One form it takes is the belief that their dating system is normal courting behavior. The attempt to put it into practice in Europe during the war led to absurd situations."

Secondly, going steady is a relatively new custom even in America. Before World War II it was practiced by only a small minority and was considered by the majority a rather silly business somewhat akin to "playing house." In those perhaps more innocent days, dating had a strong competitive element. The point was to date the prettiest girls, the most prestigious boys, and, of course, this ladder-climbing precluded going steady.

On the American campus today, however, going steady is not merely a means of mixing the sexes. It is, on coed campuses at least, the fundamental social institution. At the time Ehrmann made his study, about 40 per cent of the men and half the women on his campus were going steady. He says: "From our interview data it can be assumed that all but a small minority had at one time or

another gone steady. The proportion of our subjects going steady is similar to that reported in two other studies of collegiate populations."

This new dating pattern has some fairly elaborate and interesting ramifications. For one, the steady couple is undoubtedly seeing more of each other than they will again until they are collecting Social Security and playing shuffleboard in the sun at St. Petersburg. Between work, hobbies, civic duties, and, above all, children, few married people spend as much as two hours a day alone together, and for many it is much less. A couple going steady may be together hour after hour, day after day, and take it all for granted.

Another ramification is that the steady relationship has developed a most curious concomitant institution. Just as the French husband of popular fancy has a mistress for sex and a wife for companionship, so do many college men seek out pickups in order to avoid seducing their steadies. The Ehrmann figures suggest that perhaps as many as a quarter of male steadies have this kind of occasional "mistress"—often with the tacit, or indeed open, permission of their steadies.

But the majority doesn't, and this brings us to the heart of the matter. Protest though college students may, the steady relationship is essentially a sexual one, and it is the primary reason for the towering statistics on premarital sex, symptoms of the overturning of our old moral code. The institution of going steady is responsible for those horrendous dating statistics, and two dates offer twice the temptation and twice the opportunity as one.

Says Ehrmann in *Premarital Dating Behavior*: "Going steady or not is profoundly related to variations in heterosexual activity and its control among both sexes. In fact, this relationship appears to be the most significant of all those thus far examined in this book. There seems to be little question that this is a true causal relationship." And his figures: A girl going steady is *three times* more likely to be having sexual intercourse than one who is not.

What, then, are the facts? To begin with, what the scholars call "light petting"—i.e., kissing and hugging—is virtually mandatory on every date.

Only one per cent of college girls and two per cent of college men have never necked. Eighty-five per cent of the girls expect to neck—or more—on every date, and in actual fact they do about three-quarters of the time. Although college women are inclined to pay lip tribute—to use the metaphor advisedly—to the notion of kissing on the third date, in actual practice most of them kiss on the first, and those who don't kiss by the second are not likely to get a third.

Presumably none of this seems startling to modern college students. Yet even during the flaming '20s, when sexual experimentation was the order of the day, imposing percentages of college women had never been kissed. Perhaps even as many as half of the women in that generation never went beyond a simple kiss before marriage. Today it would be virtually impossible to find such a creature on an American college campus.

In addition, according to Ehrmann, by the time they are about twenty, two-thirds of all college men and one-sixth of college women will have lost their virginity. From then on, say various other surveys, the roll call of the pure dwindles like ham on a frat house buffet.

By the time they graduate, most college men and half to two-thirds of college women will have had sexual intercourse or a reasonable facsimile thereof. One investigator concludes that around age twenty, "Sexual activity [of girls] is greatly intensified. . . . A suggested pattern is that the college girl of 20 or 21 years of age, in her junior or senior year and engaged, has a strong 'liberal' pattern toward sexual behavior and attitude."

But these figures fail to reveal the real extent and the real direction of the sexual revolt on campus. If that 50 per cent of college girls who fall from grace were merely victims of a single lapse—an error on a dormitory day bed brought about by an overdose of sea breezes, say—the figure would mean very little. The facts are, however, that (a) few college girls today have sexual intercourse by mistake, and (b) that once they have sinned, they live to sin again and, more than likely, again and again.

In the August CAVALIER, we will show that many college girls engage

in coitus more reluctantly than one would expect. But it is clear that each time they succumb it becomes a little easier the next time. Look at Ehrmann's statistics: Girls who are doing it at all are, on the average, doing it once a week; the men, a little less often. (One per cent of Ehrmann's women were having sexual intercourse virtually every time they went out.)

If the foregoing seems to concentrate on the sexual behavior of women, it is for a reason. The amount, type, and quality of the sex life on a college campus is almost wholly determined by the women. In the August issue, we will examine this phenomenon in detail. Suffice it to say for the present that college men will do anything the coeds will let them do. As a result, in most in-

stances what the girls say goes.

Thus, there is a point in a statement by Ehrmann that the sex lives of college women tend to fall into "stable patterns." By this he means quite simply that once a college girl succumbs to a man she will normally stay succumbed—to that man. But just because she has surrendered her virginity does not mean she will automatically drop into bed with the next man who appears on the skyline. He will have to conquer all over again. One man's meat, in other words, is another man's *poisson*.

This point is abundantly made by Kirkendall, professor of family life at Oregon State University, in his study of the sex lives of 200 college men, all of whom had had sexual relations of one kind or another. The picture they gave him of campus sex had a star-

ling regularity to it, as a look at a few of his case histories makes clear:

"After their first experience in intercourse [the couple] discussed their feelings and how their behavior violated their teachings. This did not seem to stop their desire for intercourse, and they engaged in it four or five more times. . . .

"[The couple] talked on a number of occasions about the possibility of intercourse, but their conclusion about it was always indecisive. After the first experience . . . they decided to put some limits on themselves [which were] that they didn't want intercourse too often. . . .

"[The couple] became engaged after an acquaintance of about three months. Intercourse began as soon as they became engaged, occurred almost daily thereafter. . . .

"[The couple] frequently said good night early so as to avoid sexual arousal. This resulted in spoiling their weekends and not accomplishing much in the way of reducing sexual desires, either. . . . They then decided to go ahead and have intercourse."

Kirkendall's cases go on in this vein for page after page, and there is no point in elaborating further. The pattern is clear and evident. As Ehrmann puts it: "Once [a boy] commenced coital activities with his steady, the probability that coitus would become their typical behavior was much greater than it was for those who were not going steady."

But, if the amount of coitus on college campuses has shown a spectacular increase in recent years, the amount of noncoital sex has risen far more dramatically and, in the long run, to perhaps far greater effect. Copulation out of wedlock—fornication as it is officially termed—has always been illegal in America and usually frowned upon, but it has always been an understandable crime. Noncoital sex, on the other hand, is associated with perversion; has in fact been virtually unmentionable outside of smokers. That the taboos against it have been loosening to a large degree is possibly a more meaningful event for American mores than the increase in premarital copulation. It is the forgotten part of the sex revolution on the American campus.



*"I've arranged to give my body to the  
Gottlieb Biological Research Center—every weekend."*

The human imagination being a remarkable instrument, noncoital sex includes a wide variety of actions, any of which can produce orgasm but need not. It ranges from light petting through any number of variants of manipulation or bodily juxtaposition short of actual intercourse. All these acts are resorted to in some marriage beds as a prelude to the standard sex act. Some of them, especially kissing and fondling of erogenous zones, almost inevitably precede copulation in or out of wedlock.

It was the Kinsey report which, much to the astonishment of investigators, first revealed the extent to which noncoital sex was practiced.

This high prevalence of noncoital sex, especially the oral varieties, in American marriage was startling because it has for so long been so taboo. It is bluntly illegal, even for married people, everywhere in the United States. In fact, so taboo is it that, outside of outright pornography, it goes virtually unmentioned in literature, song, or the theatre.

Yet, if the amount of sexual experimentation among married people is surprising, what goes on outside of wedlock is even more so. The Kinsey figures are for the whole population. In his report on noncoital sex for college students, Ehrmann says:

"Of the entire sample almost an identical proportion of males and females (18 and 19 per cent) were engaging in manual erotic behavior *without* coitus. There are three different kinds of this behavior: (1) male to female only; (2) female to male only; and (3) both, i.e., mutual manipulation. Of the two in ten subjects of each sex in the entire sample who were engaging in one of these three forms of behavior, the percentages are: males, 43, 7, 50; and females, 22, 8, 70. In other words, the most frequent form of manual-genital activity without coitus among our subjects was mutual manipulation as reported by both sexes. . . . From interview data, it appears that these activities were specific substitutes for sexual intercourse."

What this means, Ehrmann finally calculates, is that half of the men and a third of the women on the campus he studied were indulging in some kind of "genital" activity—for the most part either coitus or mutual

manipulation. Figures are dry, but the implication of them is clear: The majority of steady couples on our college campuses engage in coitus or its facsimile at least occasionally.

How much and how often are other questions. Ehrmann's figures suggest that it averages out to about once a month, but something as prone to confusion as sex probably does not occur with anything like this regularity. The actual pattern of the sex life of the steady couple usually begins with a series of dates on which nothing occurs but mild petting. This stage will last for several weeks to a year. Gradually, the petting becomes more intense. Once some kind of genital manipulation occurs, coitus is likely to follow rapidly.

Following the first coitus or the first few, the relationship usually reaches a crisis. The couple decides either to accept coitus as a normal and fairly regular part of their relationship or to stop it. (They may or may not consider themselves bound for marriage.) If a decision regarding sex is not reached, the pair drifts toward a breakup, usually within a few weeks.

Obviously this pattern does not apply to all steady daters. Some never have coitus. Some have it every night, and more than a small number have it without talking about it. But the pattern is more typical than not, and in the August issue article we will see why.

This sex story does not, of course, apply equally everywhere in the country. There is as much variety in the sexual behavior of our college students as there is in their approaches to things academic. Since only a handful of college campuses have been surveyed—and those theoretically anonymously—comparisons are undoubtedly invidious.

Nonetheless, when it comes to handing out prizes to the most active groves it appears that the trophies go to campuses in big cities with connections leading into the local Bohemian circle, notably Harvard-Radcliffe, which is at the emotional center of the Boston area Beat group; San Francisco State, which has a heavy quota of beards from North Beach; and New York University, the main body of which is in the heart of Greenwich Village.

Of Harvard and Radcliffe, the psy-

chiatrist Graham B. Blaine, who has surveyed their students, has said that they show a trend toward premarital sex relations reflecting "a cultural change in the United States." Indeed, Blaine goes on, "Radcliffe girls think petting is dirty because it is teasing. They feel if you are going to do that, it is better just to have intercourse." At Hunter, in Manhattan, which has strong Bohemian leanings, one girl reports, "Sex is so casual and taken for granted—I mean we go to dinner, we go home, get undressed like old married people, you know—and just go to bed."

Second down the line are probably the warm weather colleges, like U.C.L.A. and the University of Miami (once termed "The only nightclub in the country which fields a football team"), which, perhaps unfairly, has a reputation for frivolity. Rollins, in Winter Park, Florida, is reported to have similar leanings.

Third is the general run of Northeastern and far Western universities—witness Stanford, where Ilene H. Strelitz, editor of the *Stanford Daily*, says, "As might be expected, one's social or sex life is considered private here. There are visiting hours in the dormitories, but no alarms over students' behavior."

Last, are the Midwestern and Southern universities, where the still somewhat puritanical overtones of the surrounding cultures have their effect. At Indiana, "The question of sex on the campus is one which many students agree is being talked about less frankly than it ought to be, but the sex act itself is something that is practiced by only a small minority," reports Thomas Green of the *Indiana Daily Student*. Says Gary Nelson of Duke, "Morality is not an issue here . . . rules are strict—and respected."

Rules may be strict and they may be respected, but they are far less strict and far less respected than they were twenty—or even ten—years ago. According to Dr. Blaine's figures, in the past fifteen years the number of college men climbing on the sexual bandwagon has jumped 20 per cent, the number of women nearly 50 per cent. If this rate of climb continues, by 1975 the only virgins on the American campus will be the freshmen—at least during the football season. □

## THE PERFECT WOMAN

(continued from page 55)

in his opponent's trunks, the time Montezuma broke his own wrist applying a full nelson to Bullmoose Purdy.

Jenny Sailor and I shared only one more brief moment, but it was the moment that told the tale. Hornbill announced that the next day he was off on a six-month tour of the nation's grunt-and-groan palaces. She bent a smouldering glance upon him. "And you won't take me with you, you ape."

"He won't?" I put in cheerfully. "Gee, that's a shame."

The glance that she turned to me, at first dark with irritation, abruptly crackled with promise. And I knew that it was not meant for Hornbill, who was indifferent; it was for me. I had my invitation.

Two nights later, I found her alone at ringside. A few empty seats down the row, Crazy Annie was in ecstasy, screaming her head off and periodically darting forward to the ring apron to shake her fist and attempt to skewer the heavy of the evening with her hatpin. But Jenny wasn't with it, and at the end of the first bout she allowed me to steer her up the aisle away from the growls and howls and kangaroo thumpings of the tag-team match, down a concrete slot redolent with sweat and diseased foot callus, and out into a night alive with stars.

She stood a moment, gazing up at the marquee over our heads:

WRESTLING TONITE WRESTLING!

"Don't tell me you miss old Hornbill," I muttered.

She lifted her beautifully moulded shoulders. "Oh no," and then dropped them. Turning, she looked me up and down. Skinny, balding, but fashionably got up and definitely eager. "Hell no," she said with sudden conviction, thrusting her round matronly arm into mine.

Dinner out this first time, with Martinis before, candlelight throughout, and plenty of time for talking afterward. It was amazing. She was bright, shrewd, and with a fine sense of irony from which I stood to learn.

On Mickey Mouse: "Those two big buttons on his fly, watch out, a puritan." Concerning the Spanish Civil War: "Only a Spaniard would cut

off a nun's nose to spite his faith." On the UN: "I wonder if they have a shelter in the basement." And regarding abortions: "I don't care how well it's done, there's always something left over."

We drank the candles down. Much to my surprise (and faint chagrin; I had gone to the trouble to change the sheets), she insisted that we go to her place.

Beautiful in the faint blue light of the entrance hall: round calves agleam, feet planted firmly and apart, breasts one deep buttress across her shoulders, eyes black glittering pools, mouth sullen, now moving restlessly—unsure, mocking, unsure again . . .

Perfect.

Then, as we were pausing for breath, she pushed suddenly away and stepped to a closet beside the television set. She flung it open. There was a garment hanging on a hanger.

"Huh?"

"Don't you dig costumes?"

"I—well, I don't know . . ."

"Sure you do. Go into the bedroom. Go on, get ready. I'll be in in a minute. Hurry!"

I hurried. And then I waited. Finally she appeared. She posed provocatively in the doorway, an absolute stranger. Scheherazade, I supposed: harem trousers, little cymbals on the fingers, the whole thing. She had even put Rimski-Korsakov on the hi-fi.

I couldn't think of a thing to say. I was even in doubt as to what to do, until she began to dance. There were seven veils, of course. Eventually there were none, and later, in the dim snug of morning, I decided that if I didn't exactly dig costumes, I didn't really mind them either.

This in the first flush of victory and without a clue as to the astounding variety and flexibility of her wardrobe and the unlimited horizons of her fantastic imagination. It is one thing to remove seven flimsy pieces of colored silk with your teeth, it is quite another to make your way, hand and foot, through the incredible variety of buckles and straps and zippers that decorate a motorcycle jacket or to unravel the several hundred yards of surgical gauze that make up a mummy suit. It is one thing to lounge about while a slave

girl weaves before you to the pleasing tinkle of timbrels, it is something else again to corner and pacify a lady lion trainer with an ice-cream parlor chair in one hand and a bullwhip in the other.

Not that her costumes were all so extreme (if they had been, I wouldn't have lasted as long as I did), nor that my unease had its source in the laborious exercise of physically divesting her of these various getups. No, the real problem, and the disheartening conviction that it invoked, keeping me awake night after night long after she had fallen contentedly to sleep after having been finally stripped down to the lovely and loving heartily lustful girl underneath it all—the disturbing thought was that she seemed to be hopelessly dependent on these masquerades.

"Just tonight, baby," I would plead, "let's not be actors, let's just be lovers. Let's just take off our clothes and get into bed."

But she wouldn't do it. She couldn't do it. At the very last minute she would scramble from the bed after a funny hat or a set of fancy underwear or would plop down at the vanity table to paint a whore's mask over her own pretty features or would whip the sheet off both of us, wrap it around her, smear a dot of cigarette ash between her brows, and insist that she was Madame Nehru.

"Look what I got at the Emporium this afternoon," she announced one night, for all the world a happy little housewife back from a shopping spree. "Snakeskin, and they're washable."

"Jenny, listen, we've got to stop this business. It's driving me nuts. I'm tired, baby. I'm sick with having to peel off all these crazy wraps of yours. I know you're there, you know you're there. I love you. Why can't we just . . ."

"Come on now, into the bedroom with you."

"Jenny . . ."

"Go on, hurry."

"Damnit, listen to me, will you! You're . . . I wonder if you're well, baby."

I suppose I had wanted to see her cheeks turn to chalk, and the tears well up into those beautiful brown eyes. But I hadn't had the wits to anticipate the swift turning away, the determined toss of the head, the

slow ominous closing of the closet door. "Okay, if that's the way you feel, then maybe we'd better just . . ."

"No, wait, look. I'm going into the bedroom. See, here I go . . ."

What made it all the more painful to me was that, between these bizarre sessions of ours, we were actually making a success of what the Freudian romantic might call discovering ourselves through one another. At the library, at the movies, at the zoo, on the Powell-Hyde cable car, in the morning when dawn was lighting up the curtains and we shared a cigarette, we were getting to know one another and liking what we knew.

And she was faithful. Never once did she even so much as suggest we should go to the wrestling matches. And when six months had elapsed and I mentioned that I had seen Hornbill Jackson on the card at the Arena, she only shrugged and flung open the door of that damned closet.

"No peeking now, this is going to be a surprise. I made it myself . . ."

"Jenny, listen . . ."

"I said, 'no peeking.'"

"I'm not peeking, damnit, I'm trying to . . ."

"Don't try, just get going."

"Listen, damnit, listen! Once and for all you've got to understand. You don't need all this business. You're perfect just the way you are. You're the only girl I've ever met or ever will meet. I love you, Jenny, in a gunny sack or naked or in a goddamn suit of armor. But I don't need all this mummery, this desperate nightly lie!"

She had turned slowly into my tirade, and now the look of rueful resignation in her eyes brought me up short. Very gently, like a mother confessing some dark and irremediable truth to a child, she said, "But I do."

"No you don't!" I yowled. "Maybe with me, you do, but . . . !" And I stopped again, struck dumb by the chilling thought that had forced itself into consciousness, into actual words.

She only smiled softly. "Go on, darling," she murmured. "Go into the bedroom and get ready."

There was really nothing I could do but shake my head. "No, damnit. I'm going home, Jenny. Tomorrow night I'm coming back. Maybe it will

be the last time we will ever see each other. It all depends on you. If this sounds like an ultimatum, it is. I swear by all that's holy that I will never again make love to you when you're in one of those costumes. This is the only way, Jenny. We have got to be honest with ourselves and with one another."

And with that, painfully, fearfully, and not a little righteously, I turned on my heel and left.

Twenty-four hours later I was back. She was still beautiful, full-bodied, dark-eyed, her hair a cascade of ebony high lights in the gloom. Her mouth—unsure, mocking, unsure again.

This time, when we parted for breath I held on tight. But she was strong and, with a sudden shift of her body, she was free and headed for the closet.

"No!" I croaked.

But she had it open and was standing back, a smile that was at once despairing and hopeful curled on her plump red lips.

There in the murky shades of the closet crouched—or rather hung—a vaguely familiar shape, which I first recognized as one of the getups worn by those unlikely creatures

that hop around in Tarzan movies—incredibly shaggy and with a papier-mâché face all horny scar tissue, tusks, and bloodshot eyes. A gorilla suit.

"No, oh God, no," I moaned.

And then I recognized, with a further and finally hopeless sinking of my heart, an undeniable resemblance to none other than the West Coast International Catch-as-catch-can Welterweight Wrestling Champion of the World.

A great French statesman, scholar, several times candidate for the premiership of France, and lifetime bachelor, was once asked by a newspaper reporter, "How is it, monsieur, that you have never married?"

"Well, the truth is," the distinguished gentleman replied, "that all of my life I was searching for the perfect woman. Now that may seem a bit naïve to you, but wait. I found her. Unfortunately, she was looking for the perfect man."

Jenny had taken both my ultimatum and my demand for honesty seriously. This time, the costume was for me.

And that, Mrs. Married Woman, is how it is that I have never married. □



**"Hold it! Going down! Going down!"**

*(continued from page 19)*

intense, melancholic as a parson, his creased dark mug was drawn into a scowl of pure will as he approached the girl. He was still a boy terrified and made fierce by beauty, by wildness. And—Phil knew about his friend—running very fast when the trap made closing noises. An escape artist in love, he scrambled from windows, slid nimbly off porches, pedalled energetically away, still like a parson, though he sometimes left his pants and his watch, with its chain, kicked under the bed.

"Miss," Mike was saying down below. "I'm one of the staff and my name is Curtiss, Michael. I'm supposed to be everyone's little helper, but I want you to know that I am most particularly yours. Helper. Yours to command, Miss."

She turned her face to him with a brilliant smile and uttered something he could not hear. She had the ivory-colored, faintly yellow teeth of the natural blonde, but they were regular and shapely, and the smile emitted a joyful acquiescence.

Mike was in a state of ecstasy. "This blasted crowd. That goddamn orchestra. What did you say?"

Phil, watching from A Deck, noted for the first time the characteristic gesture of a man speaking with Karen. Mike ducked his head, pecking like a hungry bird, repeating, "What? What?"

"Yess," Karen whispered again, ignoring the crowd. "Maybe you would. . . ."

"What? What?"

"In my cabin. I believe it's Number C-16. . . ."

When Mike understood, he went to perform the service for her. Karen, small Karen, with her blonde topknot bobbling a little as she walked, moved on in serene confidence that Mike would find her with her papers, her sunglasses, her suitcase, whatever, wherever. She spoke to no one, but in the whirling hiving mob men were flung off by centrifugal force to go into orbit about her, to gaze, to venture words if they dared on the common fortune of a hot, sunny, crowded, immensely mixed-up day of embarkation. The trumpet player of the student orchestra (it was called "The

Princeton Boppers," though the musicians were from Rutgers) came next to try his luck. He was as fortunate as Mike; he pecked his head toward her and asked her to repeat, please, man; he trotted off with his commission. Phil took his turn, too. Karen said to him, "One wishes. . . ."

"Pardon?"

"One wishes the organization were more. . . ."

"Oh, yes!" cried Phil.

"Yess," she said with her graceful extra sibilance. She was very kind to men. She always agreed and yet left them feeling that she reserved judgment. A tide of confused hope arose about Phil.

"If there's dancing tonight! With me! Phil Donahue! This goddamn mob! Remember!"

"Yess," her lips went, though the whisper was lost in the din.

Sailing time had come. The deck officials were asking visitors please to go away, please. The noise redoubled. Flowers, flags, mouths, and handkerchiefs were agitated as if St. Vitus himself were conducting from his booth on the dock. Mothers were pleading with seven-foot heroes in blazers and madras shorts not to forget to take the vitamin pills *after* eating, to get all the good out of them. Sorority sisters were sizing up the girls from their sister sororities as means to ends (boys), as obstacles to boys (ends), as potential allies and actual foes. There were over 800 passengers, plus crew, plus Chinese cooks, waiters, and stewards sweating in the hold. There were cavernous male dormitories, similar female dormitories, a few smaller halls for those who paid a little extra, and cabins with only six or eight bunks in them for the staff and the especially favored.

The two bars had been decorated with plastic panels made up to look like near-wood. There were cunning little frills and furnishings stuck up against the Liberty ship hull to make it seem just like a luxury cruise; it was not; it was like the first day of camp. Anxious mothers had put name tags on Kleenex boxes and Band-Aids. Many of the parents were weeping by this time; "Wal, the kid's shor growin' up, Miranda;" loss, inconsolable loss! "Stop your bawlin', Maw, or I won't stand with you. He's got the Good Book with him, ain't

he? He'll be *all right*." Most of the girls were giggling and being brave. The boys were exchanging rumors with each other. "Women in Paris, I knew one once, a French girl she was, she. . . ."

It was not a truly sophisticated group, Mike informed Phil.

"But that girl," Phil informed Mike.

"Karen."

"Nice name, mine enemy. How did you know?"

"She told me."

"Told me, too, but I couldn't hear."

"Well, I looked at her passport," Mike admitted. "She wanted me to run back with it and. . . ."

"I saw you running, pal."

That night, in Lounge A, the Danish Students Tzigane Orchestra screeched its two smash specialties, learned from a record of Harry Horlick and his A & P Gypsies, until the audience began to throw peanuts. Then they played the songs backwards and sideways, and a violinist stood briefly on his head without deceiving the musically severe. Peanuts flew like fireflies at a gypsy encampment. Phil bent his head to try to hear Karen in the crowd ("Yess. Well, you know. Yess," she kept saying). He tried to sharpen his ears by cleaning them with a handkerchief of fine Irish linen. A peanut landed and bounced down his nose. Karen laughed, said something inaudible, then laughed again at her comment. Finally, in despair, he took her out on deck, where the mob struggled closely about them, but the noise was diminished.

"Ah, it's cooler," he said.

"Yess. Feels so nice." She was wearing the same light blue dress, somehow unsoiled, in which she had climbed aboard; amid an army of Dacron-clad coeds, her silken frock bespoke exceptional thinking for herself. Still, Phil thought, it certainly was hard to talk with her. And she danced rather clumsily, too, though she moved with extraordinary grace the instant she left his arms.

"Land?" she said, looking out over the railing.

"What?"

"Land?"

"No, that's a cloud bank. We're out of sight of land already."

"So soon. It just sinks away. Yess."

Mike brushed by, pretending not

to see them, emitting an angry breath of salted nuts. Karen shivered. She moved into the shadow of Phil's shoulder.

"Are you chilly, Karen?" He loved her name.

"Yess."

"Do you want to get a coat?"

"...."

He couldn't make out her words.

"I said," she pronounced carefully, like a child, "I said you could maybe a sweater . . . ." He heard enough to understand. The thrumming of the motors joined the rush of feeling in his head. It was dimming him out. Time was thrumming; Karen whispered, and her head touched his shoulder with a weight like the sea breeze; he was adrift, lost, and heart-stirred with gratitude. She took him out of his sardonic self-concern. He ran for her sweater. "A blue fuzzy," she whispered after him.

She stared into the darkness and smiled. Exasperated, jealous, knowing he had been caught, Mike came up and said, "Remember what I told you. I mean it. I know it sounds peculiar. Anything at all, Karen."

"Phil asked me to. . . ."

"I know. I'm just saying. I was just passing by. Don't forget about me, that's all."

"How sweet to think. . . ."

Out of nervous silliness he became very serious. "You can count on me, Karen."

Pause. In her silence there was recognition. She understood him. She was biting her lip, showing the tip of tooth and the edge of feeling. Then she smiled that brilliant, intense, and vague smile of hers—that perfect disguise of a smile. She said: "How. . . ?" And the wind took her words because she chose that it should.

Phil was running toward them with her sweater held forward like a blue and fuzzy banner. Mike bowed off, the courtly lover retreating before the thick husband. Phil stared him away. He found himself suddenly very angry, impetuous, Irish, and drunk. Heat, fatigue, resentment of the ship and of his poverty which had put him upon it, playing counsellor to a ruck of collegians, combined to produce this classic effect. Running to and fro on errands for her and then finding Karen smiling upon Mike her perfect smile, her for-Phil-only smile, had a good deal to

do with it. But Mike left, and she was smiling. For him. Only for Phil. He took her strolling, still angry; and, hardly knowing what he was doing, he put his arm around her. She moved gracefully against him, as she had not been able to do while dancing. Angrily his arm moved; she yielded. She obeyed his gestures almost before he made them. With a sense of nightmare logic, he found himself five minutes later searching for a

place where they could hide. There was no hope below. She floated at his side, still smiling, nodding, smiling at the faces which were already beginning to take on shipboard familiarity. She seemed easy with herself. She said almost nothing. Finally, on a corner of the highest deck, in territory off limits to passengers, next to the ship doctor's cabin, Phil found a place.

"Wait," she whispered.



"Junior's become a folk singer."

Poor little Karen, she was straining to unscrew a light bulb. Even Phil couldn't reach it.

"All right!" he cried roughly, ready to give it up and be awakened, but she pulled him toward her.

"Yess," she said softly, "Oh yess."

"Say Phil. Say my name, Karen."

"Yess."

And there, in the light of a blue bulb which they did not extinguish, in danger of being seen by a sailor on watch or another trespassing couple, Phil and that girl, standing up at the joining of a cabin and a railing, with clothes bunched up and flopping, struggling together, shivering, seizing, and stumbling, re-enacted the gesture of love.

*Frokost* is the Danish word for smorgasbord, or perhaps only the word for open lunchtime sandwiches, pink little shrimps, sweet butter, rye bread, and cold aquavit. Karen, uninterested in how the ship might come to judge her, seemed to take its complement of men as *frokost* to her aimless will. When Phil Donahue returned to the cabin he shared with Mike Curtiss and four other guests of the Danish Government, he found his friend crouched morosely on his lower bunk, dressed, still packed, ready to go someplace, elsewhere. But the ship was burrowing into the Atlantic Ocean, and their cabin-

mates were in various stages of shy undress or already abed and studying guidebooks or magazines by their yellow pillow lights.

"How about a walk?" Phil asked.

"Christ! I'm stir crazy already."

"Never mind your swearing and reviling, pal."

They passed down the narrow corridors toward the deck, still cluttered with suitcases, tennis rackets, duffelbags, guitars. "The guitar has replaced the bicycle, means of transportation," Mike said. "You look green. Seasick already?"

"No."

"She give you a hard time? Karen?"

Phil was knotted like a fist.

"Did. Tell me," Mike said.

When he heard the astonishing news, out strolling on deck, he merely whistled; but then because he was a friend and straight, he added with total sincerity, "That poor kid. You lucky crud."

"Which is it for you?"

Now it was Mike's turn to go into knots. He figured; it sank in. He paced along in a state of morose plotting, eyebrows straining, soul at work. They circled the deck together for half an hour, trying to make her out. Phil was reluctant to say he was sleepy, that would seem like gloating, but the fact was: sleepy; and there was also a flicker of gloat; and

his spying hemming friend Mike was ready for some all-night analysis.

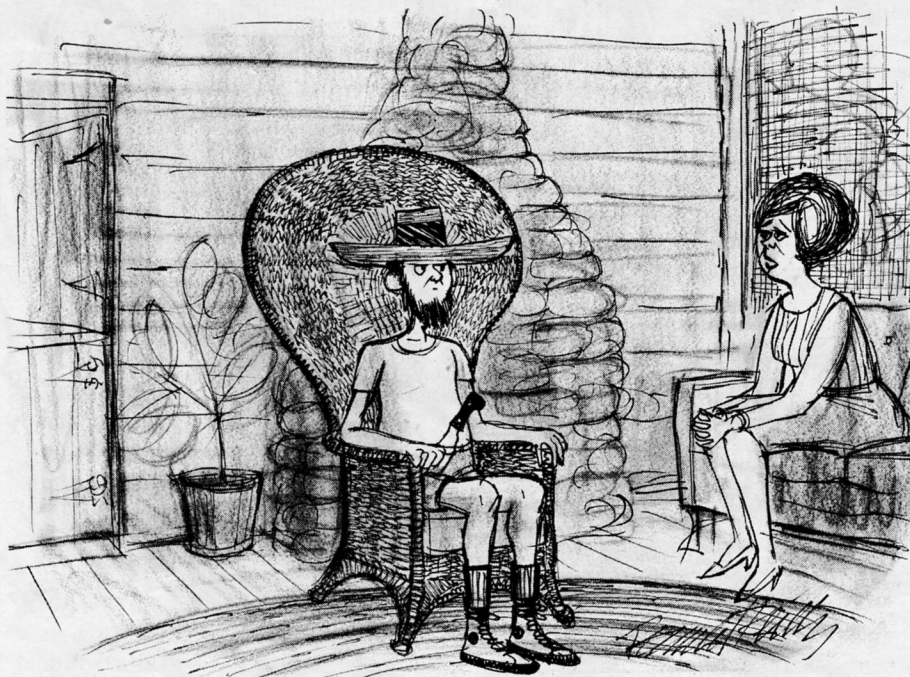
Phil could not talk about Karen now. He felt drugged by her. He was afraid. He had just begged off when they saw lights through the fog, there was fog on the Atlantic Ocean, there was at least mist. They heard the hoarse screech of the horns and stood shivering, really at sea now, leaving the land and their stateside dilemmas of loving and gaining, promoting and losing, making out in all the ways there are for young men just past the first long lap of the relay.

They paused by the rail near a group of hushed junior thinkers. A girl who used one blue contact lens, one clear one to show her brown eye, was standing with Howard Whitson, a very light Negro graduate student who was one of the staff, now on his way to Africa and the Soviet Union as vibrant, living proof that America . . . that America. . . The girl with the two-colored eyes was asking him, because she had no prejudices and because she believed he would know, "I got a pain in my toe ever since last week. Does that mean I got rheumatism?"

"Not necessarily," Howard replied gravely. "Does it seem to be the joint that hurts?"

"Right in there," she said abruptly, stroking her knee against Howard's groin as she lifted her foot toward him. "Oops, I'm sorry, I'm terribly. Want me to take off my tennis shoe, remove it?"

The Danish gypsies were playing in the smaller bar; near the main deck, the Princeton Boppers, of Rutgers, were causing the dancers to dance. One tall, graceful, heavy-faced Georgia boy, with a thick tongue and a supple waist, was demonstrating the Twist. This became the official fad of the crossing, recognized as such by the ship's newspaper and the social director. It is a dance in which each partner majors in pelvis, minors in chest or breast, as the case may be, moving the feet hardly at all, only as an occasional elective, swinging back and forth and up and down, yearning towards and almost touching the other dancer, not touching the other dancer, sending out individual localities of the body with a total message, miming all sorts of fancy play, like a rock-and-roll singer



"But, dear, you've been home for a month. Aren't you going to tell mother what you did in the Peace Corps?"

striving heroically, against all biological precedent, to impregnate a hand microphone.

They watched. Then, "Hahh!"—a brusque, groaning, astonished sound—said Phil under his breath. Karen. She was at the bandstand, staring at the trumpet player as he blew for her alone. With blue inspiration, with blue vagueness, she was gazing into the bell of the trumpet. Her hands lay primly folded in her lap. There was that half smile, just the tips of teeth showing, of a girl expectant on the edge of pleasure.

Phil, shaking, pushed Mike out with him. He dreaded being caught peeking at her. They had made love, they had made love, Karen and Phil had made love; and there she was on the bandstand with the band half an hour later.

For once Mike spoke just enough. "I believe you," he said.

Out on deck, four California tennis-playing girls, three with eyes shielded from the moonlight by dark glasses and one with no protection at all, a fluttery small thing shielded from dust, glare, and moon by the others, were discussing their Volkswagen tour of Europe. The tallest and toughest, with lank arms scaling after an overdose of sun on her last day at the courts, explained to Mike and Phil that she wanted to work with retarded children when she got sprung from college into real life. In the meantime, she didn't think people should judge lesbians unless they knew whereof they spoke, Buster. They should try it first. "Who, me?" said Mike.

Miss Volkswagen was indignant. She was drunk. Disgustedly she wiped her glasses on the tail of Phil's shirt, which she drew out of his pants before he could get away. The other education majors agreed that minority groups should be protected, aye, even fostered. "I was a foster child myself," the delicate small one piped up.

"And it didn't hurt you none, either, honey," a girl called Toni noted fiercely for the record.

"It's that salt smears the lenses," Phil murmured, trying to retrieve his shirttail. "Spray."

"You mother-loving jerks," said Miss Volkswagen.

"She's talking about prejudice," explained another expert on juvenile

retardation.

"You think you got the correct story? Myself, listen, correct me if I'm wrong, and I'm not, there isn't a *girly* girl on board I couldn't teach a thing or two—or a boy either, if it comes to that. . . ."

They managed to escape, Phil with one crumpled shirttail hanging. They realized that they would receive a number of confidences during the next nine days. Unhappy childhood, stammering adolescence, and assertive maturity were going abroad in search of distraction, if not salvation. For the boys, there was a confusion of lust and pride which put love out of reach—did they want a girl? The right girl? A girl just like the girl that married dear old Tony Curtis? For the girls, a confusion of tenderness, adventure, and security—a boy to mother? A boy to be wild with? A boy connected well, with the right chances? Yes. All these virtues to be found by cinematic inevitability in the mail line of the American Express, 11 rue Scribe, Paris, France, as they stood fretting over the one they left behind, who was perhaps imperfect, but was also *there*.

"Okay, okay," said Phil to Mike's musings, "are we so different?"

"Well, older."

"Frayed at the edges, pal."

"Ripeness is all."

"If you're ripe," Phil commented morosely, "then I am, too. But looks like we're both just getting plucked by Karen."

Introduced to the passengers during a mass meeting following the first lifeboat drill, Phil and Mike had felt mistrust and firing-squad respect drilling into them from the muzzles of 800 hope-filled, homesick kids. Although the girls lounged with enormous gawky grace on board the *S. S. Stikkelsbaer*, and the boys lounged with large coltish charm, there was considerable confusion about whether these boys and girls were not really girls and boys. The elastic American childhood was being stretched and stretched very thin in time and distance. Mike and Phil knew themselves for veterans of the dream of evasion, the dream of discovery; continually they had re-enlisted. They fought in the ranks of adolescence. It would be a troubled voyage. Everyone was stalking important game.

Just now, however, the travellers were writing letters home all about their first day (approx. 11%); studying languages or reading orientation material (approx. 4%); down below seasick, although the sea was as flat as a pond under the fog (approx. 14%); a few Baptist or Latter Day Saint missionaries were reading their Scriptures; a few tour groups were meeting for mass analysis of the total situation. The rest were learning the Twist, strolling about with amorous intention, or seeking out private places for a bit of accelerated fornication drill. The latter presented serious logistical problems.

As the voyage continued, American know-how and make-do would be brought into play; there were many expedients, some merely hasty and others truly creative, some reminding Mike of the engineering feat which put a bridge across the Arno within a few hours, under snipers' fire, a shaky and transparent bridge, but a bridge for all o' that, across which the pell-mell troops might rush. Sometimes as many as a dozen passengers would be called upon to cooperate, actively or passively, so that a single couple could build a few divine, semiprivate moments together.

Already there were tents built of blankets within the dormitories, sleeping bags on deck, unscrewed light bulbs, blocked pantries, below-stairs nests, and imaginative stratagems in corridors and on the rough plank tops of lifeboats. Tomorrow needles would be heated over matches for the sterile removal of slivers. Tonight mere joy reigned supreme, together with occasional anxiety and voyeurism. Where was Karen? Karen walked by, going someplace with the trumpeter. Karen disappeared.

Mike felt like a father who had to explain the facts of life to Phil. His friend was taking a beating.

Near them on deck, a language scholar was making time by explaining to an awed little lady from Stephens College, "Verbs aren't masculine or feminine in French!"

"No!"

"Yes! Honest! Listen—only nouns, adjectives, and prepositions."

"What's a preposition? I'm in Home Ec, you know, my major, that's not my field. For the *life* of me. Maybe I'll get to be a dietician, you

know, if I don't get married, but I'm not majoring in *French* food."

When she stopped to flutter and breathe, he continued, accelerating slowly. "You know, like '*en France*.' That *prep*, not *proposition*. Masculine. If you're feminine, you have to say '*de la France*'. . . ."

"Oh I'm feminine all right. *Everybody* grants me that."

"Me, too. I'm more self-taught in languages than the opposite, because I got this good ear. It's infallible. One never learns their true parlay from classes, y'know? Only from a good ear and living amongst the people."

"Oh I wish I had a good ear," she assured him, "honest I do."

Mike and Phil recognized their need of kindred spirits for the continual labor of survival. Unsure that Karen was one, kindred, Phil was certain that she quickened his heart, that she was a deeper mystery to him now than she had been before their gasping, grasping few moments under the blue bulb, that she had mysteriously become the vital factor in his suspended life. Mike believed the same, though sourly; Phil moved too fast, that Irish, psychiatric, rat-bastard pal of his, while he had been thinking and thinking. But, of course, Mike always did too much thinking and watching, hoping to be rescued from fantasy out into real life by the perfect girl of whom he dreamed. Well, they would see now.

Phil insisted on heading for the cabin. He couldn't explain about Karen, he didn't understand it himself; Mike would have to work himself out of his own parsonish, finicky, green funk. Phil admitted, though, that he knew her no better than Mike did. What they did together was no help. Was a barrier. Was a violation more of him than of her.

Mike understood that. He knew how to abstain, how to be patient.

They wondered where she had gone. Down below? Sleeping? Huddled on a bunk with her back to the jabbering, unpacking, complaining, and gossiping of her cabinmates? As they passed the plastic salon in which the Princeton Boppers held sway, the windows were steamed over from the hundreds inside. Dance instruction had ended. A whole group was hard at work. The instructor from Geor-

gia Tech, with his long sideburns, his low-rise jeans, and his cowboy boots with scenes from John Wayne's *Alamo* etched on the uppers, devotedly Twisted in the center of the floor. Later he would explain to Mike that he had developed his skill by practicing alone with Elvis records in front of a mirror. Just now, however, his partner was Karen, who returned again and again from wherever she went.

A ship develops a homely routine for its world out of the world. Breakfast was followed by morning tea and cookies; passengers hijacked the cookies from the trays before the Chinese bearers, racing through the horde on deck, could reach the tea steward. War broke out between the underpaid coolies and the passengers who had missed breakfast. Pursued by the pseudofamished, the cookie-bringers strove to arrive at their destination with at least one symbolic *gâteau sec* still held on high.

Karen never appeared at these hours. Just before lunch, at first sitting, she finally came to take the sun on deck, saying, "Ah!" to the noon-time sea.

"Slept well, Karen?" Mike asked.

"That rocking, you know? Yess, it's like. . . ."

"Like what?"

"Have you read that poem? Out of the cradle endlessly. . . ."

"You like poetry, don't you?"

"Whitman. . . . Yess. . . . Out of the mockingbird's throat. . . ." Softly she smiled and turned her face to the sun.

There were language classes, orientation lectures, and folk singing; arguments, sunning, drinking, and splashing in the little pool; and there was forever sex. There was battered, impossible, teeth-clenched sex. It had something to do with the crowding. It had more to do with the isolation between parentheses of lives that were going somewhere from something, not knowing from what they had come, to what they were going. Back home, mothers might tape name tags on Band-Aid boxes, just like for summer camp; but now mother's little camper broke out untagged boxes of Trojans; the girls prospected for tubes of deadly jelly in mysterious depths of their shoul-

der-strap going-to-Europe purses. There were hasty consultations about risk, and then they took their chances, after dancing the Twist or discussing "Africa: A Changing Continent" or singing "Jimmy Crack Corn" ("And I Don't Care") and the Weavers' favorite folk hits, or reciting from memory, in the moonlight, on the highest deck, most of *Winnie the Pooh*.

They crouched behind the bar, in the pantry, under tables, in guarded cabins, and paid lurching seaborne attention to their grinding desires. The ship's motors went thrum-thrum-thrum; they were inspired, gymnastic. The waves slapped against their flanks as they held to eighteen knots per hour. The Dutch dancers from Pella, Iowa, with their wooden shoes and the tulips printed on their skirts, trooped off to bed, with lesser inspiration, in the dormitory.

A group of Southern engineering students and their molls, disagreeing with Howard Whitson's views on the Congo crisis, thought it would be a good joke to burn a cross at the bow, mainly for the humor of it, of course. Probably there has never been a cross-burning, much less an actual lynching, on a Danish student ship in mid-Atlantic. "But where'd we get the cotton and the rags? Empty all our cigaret lighters?"

"Yee-ah. Fluid."

"You think he's thinking about that gal Karen, you think he's so smart?"

"Naw, he wouldn't."

"He *would*. I know my boy."

The captain, a spade-bearded Viking Dane, who was an amateur ornithologist, a resistance hero, and addicted to white shorts which showed his bony knees and firm thighs, believed that he understood the English language. He had been to school in England. His wife was English. His most recent fiancées were English, too, from Southampton, Leeds, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard, respectively. But he could not understand these students; he cancelled his scheduled lecture on "Birds of Northern Europe." It was replaced by a lecture offered by the ship's doctor on "Sexes: Conflict or Hegemony?" The overflow crowd, perhaps accustomed to slides, film strips, and audio-visual aids, felt that he was



*"Good Lord, Suzy! What did you do now?"*

just a funny, little, foreign gentleman who was trying to get into an act they had invented. That was the consensus.

Later that evening, one of the four Volkswagen girls, the one with the blackest pair of dark glasses, asked Karen to dance the Twist with her. "Umm," said Karen, "I'm awfully . . . the Twist? . . . um, yess, but . . ."

It was the first time Mike saw Karen say no to anyone, though the form it took was "yess." But because she stepped into the shelter of Mike's shoulder, leaning, holding his arm, it meant what it was supposed to mean. She was under his protection. They stood in the heavy Gulf Stream breeze, out on deck near the bar, and dodged the couples lurching by. Mike remarked upon their good luck in calm seas; an epidemic of sickness with this overcharged passenger list could turn the place into a shambles.

She did not find it necessary to reply.

He felt, for the first time in years, like the master of his life and of the future. It was because he was thinking of someone else, taking chances again. He was suffused with a fever of tenderness for her. Karen did this. Karen could do this for him.

They stood looking out over the railing. The waves topped out in green phosphorous within the white sweep of their wake. Deeply moved, Mike joined Karen in her silence. He leaned forward to breathe their salt rush northeast. During the day there had been porpoises and flying fish; now there was a rich blackness of night, fulminating with strange deep colors, as if he had squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his eyeballs. Suddenly Karen gripped his arm more tightly and looked up at him with her heartbreaking smile. It gave him license to speak, and he tried a banal question, as if he were a wounded athlete taking his first step after the long healing. "You're of Scandinavian descent?"

"Oh, I'm Danish, you know." She answered very rapidly, assuring him that she did not mind his marring the silence. It was a mere politeness; she sighed; and then she shrugged, as if to say, If it's words he wants, give him words. "I'm Danish. Yess, I'm Dutch—Netherlands nationality, you know. Actually, I'm American. I went to school in the States ever

since my mother took me there . . ."

"When was that? You're *what*?"

"She had a new husband, you know, *mop*! Like that. An American boy. My stepfather is an American boy."

Mike winced at her use of the word "boy." He was conscience-stricken at age 32 still to think of himself as a boy.

"But I'm an American citizen, of course. You know."

Mike tried to make sense of the concept of dual citizenship, expressed by Karen with sudden crystalline invention while she fixed him with the blue vagueness and inspiration of her eyes, the misery and glee of her brilliant smile. She went on smiling and telling her lies with an insolent tone of sincerity.

"I don't even remember my real father. I think he was . . . oh, Norwegian? Oh, you *know*, *Michael*, *Mike*."

*Michael, Mike*. On her lips, justifying and appealing, the banal syllables were profoundly seductive, as if she had shamelessly reached out, seized him, stroked him with her hand. This vague girl remembered who he was! This strange creature could come to focus on Mike Curtiss! In the disruption of shipboard life, with every jolt, regulation, change of resonance, and interruption a matter to be brooded about, he would go to bed full of contentment because Karen had spoken his name. That later she allowed somebody to drain himself against her on the superstructure of a converted Liberty ship, Phil or some undergraduate, bewildered him more than it troubled him. This happened in another world, another place in history. Karen had touched his shoulder with her head, spoken his name, given him reality. He felt certain from the way Phil lurched into their cabin near morning, beaten, that she had not given him as much. She had given him nothing. "She's a witch," Phil said.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, God, she's a vampire."

In the dark, propped up with his hands folded behind him on the pillow, Mike took the solitary pleasure of a secret smile. Somehow, he who was not her lover was more nourished by Karen than any of her lovers. They were a mere rabble like those who clutch at movie stars, dismissed with an autograph. He had

a powerful sense of his wisdom with her; focus, intensity, isolation, mystery, and purpose. Those others were distracted by an indifferent acquiescence that was a way of guarding her privacy. As if to say: Words? *Mop*. As if to say: Lovemaking? *Mop*, sex yourself away. Mike was the only man who might break through to her. He believed that, breaking through, they could take to life together like the dolphins playing at the bow.

Phil groaned in the swaying, sea-dominated dark. "I have a headache. That air vent is too stingy. I'm anemic. I think I need a transfusion."

"You're a hypochondriac, pal."

"You know what? She told me she has an ulcer. A *girl*? With an *ulcer*? You think from drinking blood you get ulcers?"

"It sounds like love, Phil."

"That bitch!"

"Yess," Mike whispered maliciously. He could talk about the promiscuous, crazy, public Karen because the secret actual Karen was his hidden prize. Phil did not lift to the bait. He lay sighing with his extroverted anguish. "For a hypochondriac," Mike said, "you sure wear your socks a long time. Washday tomorrow."

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll put them in the locker instead of drying them over the air vent. That's because you're a true friend, *mop*."

One of their cabinmates stirred and said, "Sh." Perhaps it was Howard. Howard, too, may have been thinking about Karen, out all night with Phil, but he said nothing. Or perhaps he had been lying awake, rehearsing his talk on "Africa in Transition." Mike fell asleep thinking that it was time he escaped bachelor and barracks life.

A day like a windy Manhattan autumn—clouds sweeping the sky, air to stretch taut in—but no skyscrapers, no hiving anonymous crowds, no make-do, make-out, make-it striving. Just this jiggling, vacation-bound boat bearing the leisured to their fate. "You want something you ain't got?" Phil asked Mike when he cornered him at the rail, pulling on a short skinny Danish cigarillo, waiting for Karen.

"You got it?" Mike asked.

"Pal, no," Phil said.

"Well then, Pal."

The *S. S. Stikkelsbaer* wallowed

with its cargo through freshening seas. Lectures, language classes, gossip, and bridge filled the spaces between waking and morning tea, lunch and broth, supper and dancing, and the heavy frivolity of the endless North Atlantic summer nights. Karen danced from man to man with her blue eyes softly aglint, her small body proud and floating, her smile filled with unchanging, unmarked joy. While the other girls wore their sensible seersucker and Dacron, Bermudas and pedal pushers, she spent the day in an elegant cotton frock, the evening in a silk one. She watched the band or strolled on deck until she abruptly disappeared with some young man who later stumbled back to his cabin, feeling cruelly betrayed or a betrayer, not knowing which. Most often it was Phil who, head cocked, listened and talked and felt his hopes rise once more; there were many others. Mike, who made love to her from afar, expressing his desire out to her through space, sometimes knew he was foolish for trying to be the exception—the man who did not wrestle and squeak with her in some improvised corner—but it gave him a way to establish himself as Mike Curtiss, Exception. He quoted the old rhyme to himself: "Colin kissed her not all;" like the girl in the poem, she would feel only Colin's kisses.

This was a windy devotion, he knew; but as he watched her by with someone—and her eyes widen to see him loitering near the rail at those still hours of the early morning—he believed her to be kept alive by this wind filling her sails. The foaming sea was rampant over him when she passed, but there had passed something between them. She recognized and was moved by him, although her tiny hand surrendered itself to some irrelevant paw. There was a seasick lurch of jealousy when she disappeared for an hour or two in the afternoon. There was the gorge of fury when the night slipped by with neither Phil nor Karen on deck. But then, when Phil finally appeared in their cabin, drawn, white, and dimmed out, the jealousy snapped off like a dry twig. And when he talked with Karen again, it was as if he were finding his dream of perfect love, pure and blue, floating in a summer sky, for the first time. He did not

know her yet, but he knew that he was making himself important to her.

She stood in their usual place at a windswept rail, and they chatted. They had developed habits without plans. She seemed to wait for him sometimes at that spot where, waiting for her, he smoked short Danish cigars and watched the gray ash grow. They had (did they not?) some sort of understanding together. He even found that he could make out the last words of her sentences, snarling them in the air as they flew. She described the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. "I let a balloon go once up, up. I want to fly so. You know, rise straight up in the summer-time. . . .

"Air," said Mike, who was trying to break his habit of finishing her thought.

"Yess," she said negligently, as if the matter were no longer of any concern to her after his intervention. He pulled at his cigar and dreamed of the broken-hearted little girl

watching her balloon diminish into the sky, above the pink lanterns and banks of flowers, violets and roses and teeming ivy, the cafés of Tivoli and the strolling Copenhagen burghers. He was sorry he had finished her sentence. He was helpless with her, prying into her life with helpless concern, as vague and compelled as her helpless clinging to any man who asked the use of that small, plump, childishly graceful body.

"Tivoli," he said.

"Yess. Now it's full of toothy, gummy American girls."

"You're an American, Karen."

"Yess, but you know . . . small teeth."

Arrogance. The hidden arrogance of the very shy. She had healthy gums, too; he noted it down among Karen's thousand imperfections (vagueness, slyness, ivory-yellow teeth, absolute promiscuity), her thousand perfections (ease, gentleness, sweetness, beauty, and more). She went (continued on page 78)



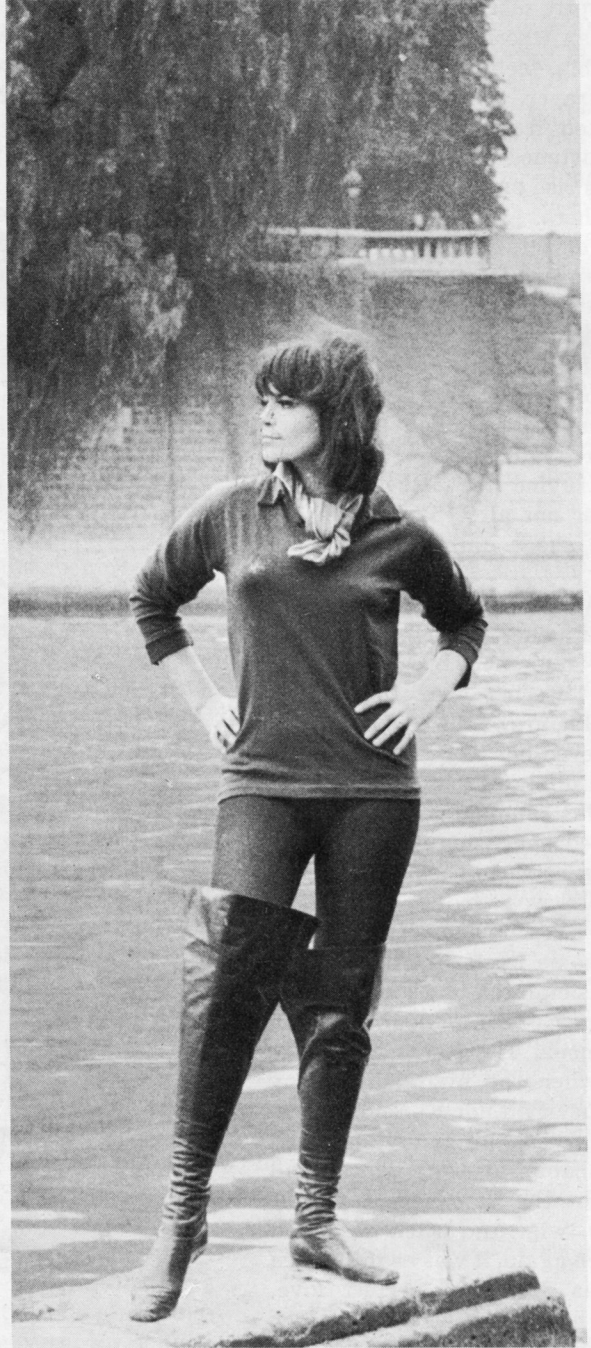
"Now, my dear, about your campaign promises. . . ."

# Gallic Sprites of Spring

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*Sophie Hardy and Francoise Grimaud*

Two young French starlets who are setting the Gallic world agog, for reasons which are discernible below, are the blonde Sophie Hardy and the brunette Francoise Grimaud. Information seeping through to us on both these young ladies is so ecstatic and high-blown that it is hard to translate even the facts into prosaic Anglo-Saxon. However, an attempt will be made, with due regard for the lyric flights the girls have inspired.



Sophie: Another discovery of that great explorer among the bold and the beautiful, Roger Vadim, she is described as a "pocket Marilyn Monroe." Her future in films is secure after starring in "Clair de Lune à Mauberge" and in three major pictures to be released shortly. But her past is almost as arresting. An orphan, she first studied English at the Sorbonne and then taught it. During nude model sittings she reads Dostoevski.





Sophie, still: Unable to part with her, we learn that because of her "whistle-prone" physique men "worry" her, and she carries a three-foot-long butcher knife in her handbag, evidently a capacious model. She is shortsighted. "Whenever I see a man, it is too late!" She collects pocket books, 1920 hats, poodle dogs, and American records. Quote: "The film business needs a real shaking up."





Françoise: The 18-year-old brunette, by no means to be outdone by the 23-year-old blonde, has a brisk schedule. She prefers to wait for producers to come to her rather than seek them out. Otherwise, she lives like any other normal red-blooded Parisienne: "Walks around Paris barefoot, drinks orange juice and vodka for breakfast, collects teddy bears, bicycles down the steps of Sacré Coeur Church."





Francoise, encore: She is known as the only starlet in France who could assassinate (or, more likely, bewitch) half the French government simply by opening her bedroom, since her apartment is in the Elysées Palace building itself. Alone in her rooms, Francoise never switches on the electric lights. "I prefer the world



by candlelight." She has a mental block against using the word "no." "It is so much simpler to say 'yes.' " She is reported to say yes "in a Martini whisper." Sophie et Françoise: Mere men will note that the French film starlet, in the springtime of her career, is like nothing else in the world, quite fortunately for all.



(continued from page 71)

on with her curious footnote to a story she only told sideways, indicating the essential by the leaving out and the skipping by. "This boy," she was saying. "In the Tivoli, you know . . . he picked me up—that park. Well, I had something in my eye. Tears. A lash maybe. That's how he approached me. How professional. So concerned. Yess. He took out, you know, pulled out, really whipped it out, mop!—a handkerchief, he made a corner, he went at my eye. Like a doctor. A real *ophthalmologist*, they call them, you know? Well, I could see plain enough anyway. There was a piece of—a shred of—a bit of, you know, *material* hanging from his hankie."

Mike made a blowing disgusted noise.

"But I . . . dinner with him anyway. Explained. Said he had rose fever."

"You told him what you saw?"

"After, you know. Afterwards. Later. After he got the speck out of my eye. It wasn't a lash, it was a speck." And she gave a high, clear, short laugh, like a bell sounding an early hour.

Her amusement seemed ghastly to Mike, worse than her being picked up in an amusement park, worse than her crazy, slow-motion whirling on board the *S. S. Stikkelsbaer*, but somehow in the telling, with the dreamy madness and beauty of Karen, it relieved him. It made her human despite Phil's dread of her. He learned something new. Her smile carried a sour wit; this smile had purity, too, despite its secret grasp of the corrupted world to which she gave her favor. (That poor Danish boy when she laughed in his face and told him. . . .)

The ship ground up the sea with its laboring screw. There was a day of sickness, Gale-8 winds, and pitching waters, frightful in this crowded place, but then it passed, the Chinese stewards furiously and silently cleaning. There were days of calm, with the bridge players and dozers sprawled all over the deck, the sunbathers at their rites, the swimmers in the little pool tied at one end by a rubber umbilicus to keep them from banging their crewcuts against the

metal sides. The athletes kept fit. The Quakers, the Baptists, the Experimenters, and the fun-lovers all began counting their laundry for the last time on board. Some studied French by translating the Bible into little notebooks. ("Au commencement Dieu a crée le ciel et la terre. . . .") Some pulled out the pornographic books they were carrying to Newcastle and passed them to recent acquaintances as the symbol of intimacy, community, and faith.

Mike saw, in a sick rush, almost subliminally, as if cards were being flashed before his straining eyes, Karen's hand resting lightly on Howard's thigh. The trumpet player's fingers groping at Karen's skirt. A head bent over Karen; she lay half-hidden behind a tarpaulin in an opened lifeboat. A body falling like a hatchet upon her.

He slept with the insomniac's ferocious will to oblivion.

"You know what?" she asked him, appearing at breakfast for the first time the next morning. "Remember I told you about my mother? Well, she's getting married again—mmm, coffee—but I'm taking the honeymoon."

The day passed without another word from her. Mike loafed and watched the sea, muffled against feeling. Early evening of that day: Karen, face flushed, seemed to seek him out with a little rush of words saved up and spent all at once.

"I'd like to be a dolphin," she said, "playing, you know? But I can't. I'm just doing the depp instead. I'm a war waif, you know. But I know how to taste blood. I could be some kind of shark." And she showed her pink little mouth, round and wet, with its small, even, yellowish teeth. Mike could see how she wanted to be the playful, humorous, intelligent dolphin. But he saw no shark in her; sea-bruised wounds, no shark. He saw men entering her through her wounds, leaving her soul safe or at least encapsulated. Yes, that was it. They messed in her wounds; wounds yielded. Karen cared nothing for her body, was vain in some other domain. She did not care if the wounds healed. Let them be dirtied and opened; let them be soiled and used. She was a "war waif"—born of the war with which Phil and he had interrupted their childhood. An evacuated soldier

father? A consoling, casual mother? "War waif" was all she said. She stood outside her body. Her spirit was as quick as a dolphin overarching the waves. Yes, she knew what she was. She cared nothing at all for anyone else's sort of truth, only her own. A lonely, playful, quick dolphin waif without the gift and burden of speech.

"Phil," she said, "your friend Phil, you know? He calls me terrible names sometimes when he. . . . I think he should just leave me alone then—not always bothering, you know?"

Mike believed she was right. Why didn't she ever get angry?

"Oh, that. . . . Too much." Fierce gayety. Round, wet, pink, avid mouth. A cruel jamming of expression and feeling—vagueness the result. As they spoke, a star fell, a large, soft, finished star. They both saw it, watched it, waited without speaking of it. Then:

"Doing the depp—what's that, Karen?"

"Depression, oh you know." The brilliant, avid smile. "Nervous depression, don't you know?" She emitted a cheerful little laugh. She gazed with her fine vague centrality at him. She was waiting for his joshing or his incredulous contradiction. He managed to say nothing.

She made a little finger-fluttering wave and turned to the steep stairway. "Later," she said. "I told Howard I'd. . . ." There was a luxurious heavy ripple of back and rump; nothing at all in her body like her "depp." Her slow, rippling, vague and yet powerful gestures were proud of the life in her beyond any of the kittenish, pretentious, vague words with which she mockingly presided over him. Mike felt his own life like a sharp toothache within him; he had indulged in too many consoling sweets while waiting, waiting. He needed her now to extract the nerve. He gazed at the place in the sea where the star had seemed to disappear. He wished for the sea to mark with flames the place where it had taken a star.

During the penultimate day of the voyage, the tax-free whiskey ran out. This had never happened before. They had to drink tax-free champagne. The imperturbable card-players continued their preparations for exploring the cradle of civiliza-



*"Now, may I go home, sir?"*

tion by passing, by bidding two no-trump. The laundry broke down. Everyone was washing his socks in the sink. The Chinese began to fetch up smiles by the hundreds from the hold. Hours were devoted to tipping procedures for waiters, stewards, and barmen. Little tour groups, caucusing with their leaders, gave proof of the efficacy of democratic action. "For the very nice Chinkaroonies, let's give them an extra dollar, what do you say, fellas and girls?"

Mike circled the decks all afternoon, did not find Karen in their usual meeting place, and, in a panic, tried to figure out who else was missing—Phil, Howard, the trumpet player, who? His jealousy was tireless. Then she reappeared, and it was as if he had never feared for her; then the rage, bile, green sickness in his chest. In the sunshine and smell of salt he did not possess her, in the nights of drunkenness and loneliness he did not have her, amid an invitation to sex and her obedience to lust he did not take her; and, yet, despite desire and jealousy, he was obscurely satisfied. She contented him. There was an aura of his own lost boyhood about her. There was pure yearning like his own in her distant blue drifting, with full sail, through blue memory and blue hope and blue immunity from defect or flaw. She seemed committed to life in the way of Mike Curtiss; she to drifting action, he to floating abstention.

"I meant to wash out some things," she said as if this were a great source of amusement, "but isn't it funny. . . ?"

"What?"

"Habits. I really meant to. . . I think I'll. . ."

On the last afternoon there was a beauty contest; Karen was entered without her knowledge. She consented. With five other "*Stikkelsbaer* Belles," she would parade in a bathing suit and give a little speech about her plans in Europe, and then the applause meter, in the body of the contemplative spade-bearded captain in white shorts, would award a papier-mâché crown to the queen and dance the first dance with her at the Gala.

Mike felt that he knew what she would do in Europe.

Phil said with heavy sarcasm, "Maybe being a witch, whore, and

vampire is In."

"Being either In or Out is *Out*. Knock it off."

Were they still friends, Mike and Phil? It seemed not. They hanged together by old habit, but Phil was being bled white by Karen and seemed partly to resent Mike for it. Mike Curtiss was only a boy with his nose pressed to the window; Phil Donahue was the make-out hero; yet Phil was forever angry and jealous, Mike mostly suave and sure in his watchfulness. He thought: She sure don't nourish you much, buddy.

And, as if he read Mike's mind, Phil answered, "She's a witch. She's a destroyer. She's killing me."

"What about her, Phil? What are you doing to her?"

"I'm just part of her crew. I'm one of the coolies. I don't know what course she's steering. How could I? I'm a psychiatrist, not a demonologist."

They were carried off into separate quiz groups wanting to know if it is safe to drink the water in Europe, if you should carry your passport everywhere ("even to the John, sir?"), if you can get eggs and whole-wheat toast for breakfast. Mike answered yes, no, and sometimes; and thought about Phil. Well, the Irish talk a lot, but what do they know about women?

"Sir," asked one very serious boy from Boston University, "sir, is it true, sir, based on your many trips to Europe and the Continent, is it true that you can tell the women who, the women who, because they carry large purses, bags, sir?"

"You want to know if the bags carry outsize purses?"

"I realize you are being facetious, sir," the boy said reproachfully, "but in the United States we are used to treating women as equals. I don't suppose, sir," he went on, rapidly losing his shyness with indignation and seasickness, "you, who have lived so much abroad, has retained our American sense of democratic parity among the several sexes. But I, sir, raised in Weldon, Massachusetts, within a stable family community who. . ."

There was also on board an eighteen-year-old chess champion whose mother wanted him to be a writer. "She says I have talent, but I don't think so." And a Budget Gour-

met Tour of apprentice eaters who wanted lectures on Wine Selection for Economy and *Goût*. And a group of museum and cathedral specialists who had been equipped with uniform saw-toothed shoes on which they would rock themselves through the monuments of vanishing civilizations. Just as an infantry squad leader carried a carbine while the enlisted men used Garand M-1 rifles, their leader wore space shoes with a metal stanchion running through the sole. "Grounds the static electricity which causes most foot-fatigue and painful arches," she explained. "Most of your podiatrists agree. I used to feel that arch trouble was psychosomatic, but now I know about atmospheric currents. They're electrical."

Amid the mass of sexologists and drinkers, the infinite variety of the American student gradually manifested itself. The leader of the anti-integrationist group from the South, which asked equal time to answer the talk on "Africa in Transition," found himself driven to declare his personal friendship with Howard. He approached or, rather, stalked the Negro lecturer after dinner, saying, "Man, hey, man! Thass the bess cotton-pickin' meal I done ett in—Man, doan you love roast turkey, too? With all the fixins?"

"Deed Ah do," said Howard, on whom this gesture went not unappreciated. He assumed an accent appropriate to dealing with a Southern boy trying hard and almost succeeding at being nice. "You can ask for turkey in France, Mistah Vance, if you say '*dindon*.'"

"Thass dandy?"

"*Din, don,*" repeated Howard, horribly nasalized.

"Da-da," said the boy after him, as if grieving for his pappy. "You see Karen around here anyplace, boy?"

Something was glowing in Karen without her control. It took everyone who knew her into strange ways. It was not her beauty or her abandon. It had something to do with expectation. She wanted something beyond what any one had yet given her. Men circled the ship all day and all night, looking for her. They wanted to be the one. She found each of them with brilliant trust in renewal. She left them with her smile unchanged. And unrenewed.

On the last full day of the voyage, the routine was modified by several social events, the Queen-of-the-*Stikkelsbaer* Contest, followed by the Captain's Dinner, followed by a gala costume dance. In this parenthesis between Europe and America, teenage itchiness and adult grouchiness, that historic institution, the Beauty Contest, could find its proper social relevance. Or so Phil said. "It's been sent out for export, too, along with cornflakes and Caryl Chessman." Mike pointed out that the several campus queens aboard—from Wisconsin, Purdue, Rochester, and Los Altos Junior College—were getting rusty from lack of use. Especially the girl from Wisconsin, who planned to develop emotionally in Europe over the summer so that she could be a sophisticated model in New York in the fall, was chafing for a victory at sea, as Winston Churchill might have put it.

Five of the six belles, selected by a secret nominating committee in plenary session, spent the afternoon locked away with their retainers in complicated negotiations with mirrors, tubes, pots, razors, brushes, creams, and pencils. Mike and Phil found the act of beautification a magic process; they subjected it to the sardonic put-down, the hopeful analysis; but for their lady to make herself into an object—they felt deceived. Why should Karen permit this game? They had grown used to one promiscuity; this was a new one.

Phil had sunk very low, tired and gray; out of love and despair he had pursued Karen, reached her, possessed her, lost her, possessed her, and lost her for always; she was continually submitting to his hands and thrust, retreating under his imploring gaze; she was not his. Mike felt like her lover, Phil the hopeless swain. Karen's other lovers in aisles, sleeping bags, and improvised tents were merely the wind and the weather of her world. He knew this was madness. He knew it beneath his blithe devotion to her. She left her conquests exhausted and deceived, but Mike was not one of them. And she returned from them with wisps of hair from her blonde topknot down about her face, the eyes blue and serene, her mouth welcoming as she strolled and disappeared, waved to Phil, went down to her cabin, and

came up to meet Mike later as he waited by silent agreement at their place on deck.

"You've been studying your French today, Karen?"

"*Jamais*. . ."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. You know."

On this afternoon she had disappeared because she was one of the competing princesses. She consented to perform, as she consented to do other things, by unconcerned amiability, out of coziness of body and coolness of spirit. Lounge A was jammed with watchers. There was a heavy salt dampness in the air. The Princeton Boppers struck up the college anthem of each princess in their own native Rutgers Dixieland beat. The sea had freshened again, with gray channel weather, fog and damp, but the passengers did not yet take account of it. Last night there had been a magnificent spree, many of the enduring liaisons of the first three days ending in careless infidelity or terrific public moping. A few sturdy souls were drowning their sorrows in bridge, four-handed. One of the Volkswagen girls was cross-eyed behind her green glasses. She had barely survived a terrific *Girl Meets Girl* drama, spoiled by a Boy.

The chess champion, aged eighteen, decided not to be a writer, even if his mother begged, but instead to tell his life's story to one. He had learned to love a sweet, yellow, ginny drink and also a mature woman of nineteen. "You can't go home to high school," he told her, "I know that now."

"Want to play bridge?" she asked him. "I'm sure you have talent." She had decided on this brainy kid, very intellectual, full of promises, instead of a secondary football hero in bleeding madras Bermuda shorts, with hairy calves and thick ankles, because she had heard from *Time* magazine that scientists hold up better in the Struggle for the Survival of the West. Also the secondary football hero slapped around with the thongs of his sandals undone; this annoyed her; she was nervous, esthetic in her deeper nature. The cute dark gamine, a record distributor's daughter, courted all night by Miss Volkswagen, had found instead a boy from back home in Elmira—a dentist's son who aimed to follow in the path of his ancestor. Phil had influenced her, too, saying, "That Lucy speaks two languages, English and Lesbian. Watch out, honey."

Said the record distributor's black-eyed daughter, "Yee-ah."



The Neanderthal boys from the deep South, infected by maudlin ship-board sentiment, had voted as a democratic group in a single-party election that Howard was a good one—uppity, yet not conceited. The paradox left them hushed.

One of the Dutch dancers from Pella was having a weepy conference with her Leader. She thought she might be pregnant. "Why?"

"I don't know, I'm just scared. He took me into the pantry to show me the drink-measuring machine, and his Precautions broke."

Her Leader advised her to worry later, in a few weeks, and in the meantime to get the boy's itinerary in Europe (Scandinavia and the Low Countries).

The professor of the Twist, now emeritus, wiggled in solitary misery at his shaving mirror, using a Japanese transistor radio which picked up English rock and roll from across the Baltic. Europe couldn't be all bad; Tommy Sands was wailing clean and true out of a Swedish service. But Karen seemed to have left him for two of the lecturers, Mike Curtiss and Phil Donahue, who had prewar pelves and could only do folk dancing, like the minuet and the foxtrot. When the boy said "prewar," Mike believed that he meant the invasion of Cuba.

The Beauty Princesses had come a-courting. Space was clawed out for them on the dance platform. Dementedly, the Princeton Boppers blew. Each princess stepped forward to make a little preliminary bow. Later they would again move forward, ankle and leaning knee, for measurement by the applause meter, Captain Clausen. Mike was hurled deep within a sea pressure compounded of sun and salt, endless rocking motion, loss, isolation, the crazy, grinning desire to please which surrounded him. The girls minced along on high heels, their bare legs goose-pimpled with pride, and thrilling to the music. They looked like candy, like candy sprinkled with goose-pimples of sugar. The lollypop queens stood all in a row. Mike thought of pouring down scalding water to melt them, all in a row; there would be thick puddles, steaming and sweet; no, no! Karen appeared, and he saw only Karen.

Karen hurried to be among them,

in a swimsuit which was only two pale blue straps, in a bikini, a pouting, abstracted angel in a bikini. Captain Clausen, his pepper beard jutting forth, stared at Karen as if she were an iceberg he had seen too late from the bridge. The music roared. The ship swayed. The crowd howled. Phil looked languid, like a mourner at a wake made negligent by grief. The trumpet player withdrew his bruised lips, wiped them, said "Mop," and returned his mouth to the horn. The band's beat accelerated. The hoarse voice of the social director, a medical student warming up his bedside manner, introduced the girls one by one. Karen was now smiling her brilliant, impenetrable smile.

Mike believed that he could swim to safety in the open sea only through a pipe at the bottom of the tank in which she had shut him; she had lowered a roof on him, he was drowning in a closed vessel, his lungs would burst, his brain would break; down he pulled himself, down he plunged, against gravity, against nature. He would not permit it! She could sacrifice herself in shadow without causing him more than a fitful jealousy, but this new public submission violated the dream of air and freedom on which his survival depended. Not her! Not joining this mob! And yet she came to the mob as its queen. She floated between those scrubbed and tinted American beauties like a ray of cathedral light amid neon tubes. Mike was engorged with rage. She had no right! He was a bloodthirsty fan at ringside. He was near enough to reach out and touch her.

The music became a deep brushing, drumming, thumping burlesque beat. Karen had stepped forward with that angelic smile still illuminating her face. She tucked her body into the music. A little fold of flesh over her navel stirred, winked. Mike was stricken; yet at last his prying eyes were gratified by secret doings within Karen's eyes equal to the gestures her body made. "No!" he cried out. "No!"

It was a summoning, priestly howl.

Her hip, aslant, abruptly fell from its motion. She straightened up. Puzzled, triumphant, and in terror, her eyes flew to his as he shouted. For a moment the thick fringe of lash

hid her from him. He willed her aware, awake. She groaned, she broke the rhythm, she threw her hands to her face for an instant, and then rushed through the crowd, rapid as some field animal despite her undress and her high heels. Mike fled after her.

The amplified voice of the social director followed them through the crowd. "Guess our little princess got a little nervous, thinking about maybe getting to be queen and all—well, folks, let's just. . ."

Karen's cabin was locked. She did not answer his imperative rapping. She did not answer as he repeated her name at the door, again and again, "Karen, please, Karen. Karen."

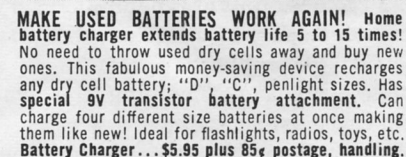
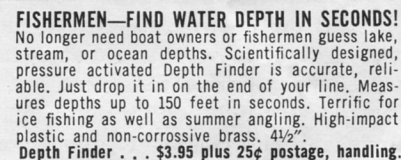
She appeared at dinner as if nothing had happened. She wore a new blue dress of a flowing silky material; she had a silvery blue ribbon in her hair. Her face was fresh, glowing, at peace. Afterwards she refused to go in to dance, but she did not leave the deck. All that long final night—the champagne ran out, the lights of Copenhagen fretted dimly through the fog, the history of the crossing was coming to an end—she strolled the decks, putting off talk with polite answers, just strolling. She turned her gaze on Mike and made him let her by.

At dawn, a few dozen couples and individual worriers were still abroad. Mike had gone to bed, but could not sleep. Phil lay curled up tight on his bunk, closed in, hands between his knees, like a chilled lonely child. Hastily Mike rolled out, sour tongued and needing a shave, and went back up on deck to look at the harbor lights. He was in a sleepless state of pale inward focus upon his diminished self. It was the monotonous truth of the insomniac. There was the whitening, northern, summer sky above him, there were gulls swooping and gathering refuse in rich harbor waters, the fog was clearing in patches. It was a night he had known before.

But now, at last, he found Karen waiting for him in their private place by the rail. The scattered drunks and huddling couples were like the slick on the sea, part of the world but not intruding. She was wearing a raincoat, tightly belted, and her face had no makeup on it, and the heavy fringe of blond lash was fallen over her

And then her eyes widened, the smile vanished, and she put her face near his, hissing furiously, with the pale of her breast showing where he

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had tugged at the lapel of her coat and her mouth breathing hotly upon him: "Do you think I didn't feel you watching me for ten days? Prying? Prying and staring? Yess. Do you think I didn't feel you pushing me all the time? Pushing with your eyes, not even asking me, getting your kicks? Oh yess. Now you think you haven't any responsibility, it's over? You can look and then just go away? Yess, that's in your mind. I see you. Peeking. *Prying*. I knew you were watching me all the time, and that's why those boys, those infants, Phil,

everybody, because you were watching and watching and *would not move* . . . ."

She turned away. She shut down. The low outline of the port was beginning to come clear through the dawn mists. The ship's motors had stopped. Slick blacked water lapped at the hull.

"Karen, listen."

She looked away indifferently. "Never you mind now. You've answered."

"You can't just dismiss me."

"Yes," she said, smiling at him.

"But you are dismissed."

With immense relief Mike Curtiss understood that he had come to his moment. No matter what he did now, he would give pain and grief, he would receive grief and pain, and at last he felt the heft of impossible fate on his slender, slightly bent, aging boy's shoulders.

He turned her to him. "Karen!"

"Yess." But her eyes were abandoned.

"Karen."

She did not reply.

"Come with me, Karen." □

## CAMPUS PRESIDENTIAL VOTE

(continued from page 42)

and its ideas are relegated to idle chatter.

Yet these groups, however small they may be, attempt to disseminate political right from political wrong. This is accomplished through forums and guest speakers. But, unfortunately, these groups only produce a half-dozen worthwhile projects each academic year.

In the last two years, there has arisen across the nation and at Syracuse another entity to divert some of the university "thought material;" this is civil rights. It may appear on college campuses in many forms, but its main purpose is human freedom.

At Syracuse, civil rights groups, such as the Congress on Racial Equality and Syracuse University Committee on Equality, are active. They have provided the thorn in the University administration's side. Their avowed duty is that of "a check upon government."

They are successful—and success brings more success. But the University has fought them at every crossroad. For, to quote a university official: "One hundred arrests in a single year is not helping the academic atmosphere."

The civil rights groups shut their ears to the ramblings of Democrats and Republicans alike, for they are interested in only one political thought: Freedom Now.

And, while civil rightists recruit hundreds who can attend demonstrations and sit in jail cells, the Goldwater fans pass out buttons bearing their hero's image, the Democratic bosses of the Maxwell School rally

behind Johnson, and the professor in the classroom explains the theoretical structure of the convention system. But the classroom is devoid of political thought which will either criticize or condemn political candidates or their platforms.

Political expression must remain outside the classroom. So the students go outside and find the Footprints Committee (a thought group) making plans for its annual forum which will feature a government official, a civil rights leader, and an avowed segregationist. Yet, such a forum is only touched lightly by newspaper columnists at Syracuse or by the student body. The questions posed are: "How many will turn out for Footprints?" or "Will the students throw tomatoes at Ross Barnett?"

Syracuse University, as an institution, is lax in propagating political thought, and political groups remain relatively inactive. The sole generation of thought comes from the individual—and from man-to-man conversation. For the interest groups on campus are not recognized by the student body, and, until they are, political thought will have to remain a completely personal matter.

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA— MARY MCGOWAN

There's always a little more talk about politics at the Berkeley campus of the University of California, always a little more arm-waving, impromptu speeches, and pointed questions than at other schools. With the Republican nominating convention to be held just across the Bay in San Francisco, political controversy this year knows no bounds. Couple that with deep concern over the civil

rights problem and you get a campus whose political temperature is past the boiling point.

The big fight is between Goldwaterites and Rockefellermen. The normally silent Republican minority has become suddenly vocal—and deeply split. The campus Young Republican group—not directly affiliated with the conservative California Young Republicans controlled by Bircher Bob Gaston—is effectively silenced for the duration. It can do no campaigning with its members in two camps. Consequently, the membership in the Goldwater group jumped sharply early this spring, and a Youth for Rockefeller group was rapidly organized.

The conservatives led off the fight with a Goldwater rally the first week in February. The Rockefeller supporters got their licks in a few weeks later when the New York governor spoke on campus in a packed hall. The din of this battle was augmented by many usually pro-Johnson voices—and there are a lot of them on this liberal campus.

"I'll probably register as a Democrat when I turn 21 in July," a young man said as he passed out Republican Rockefeller literature. "But I'll be damned if I'll sit back and watch Goldwater win the primary. It's too dangerous; he might get elected."

Other Democrats, who won't support the enemy even for this noble purpose, turned their attention to the big issues. Realizing that President Johnson would be a shoo-in in the California Democratic primary, they plan to save their campaigning strength for the Presidential election. Then they will burst out with registration drives, leaflets, speeches.

So, this spring the Campus Young Democrats led a drive to seat Alexander Micklejohn, former president of Amherst College and American Civil Liberties Union leader, on the University's Board of Regents. Shortly thereafter, the University Young Democrats—a completely different organization—endorsed a controversial shop-in led by the campus CORE at a nearby supermarket.

This shop-in—where demonstrators protesting alleged discriminatory hiring practices brought carts full of groceries to the checkout stand, then discovered they had no money—elicited a wide reaction. People who marched in previous picket lines condemned it. Others, who said they were sympathetic with the civil rights cause, volunteered to put groceries back on the shelves. Still others loudly called those who opposed the demonstration “wishy-washy so-called liberals.” The same term was applied to students who protested massive picketing of the Sheraton-Palace Hotel following a court injunction to stop the demonstration.

Yet both the pickets and most of their critics support avidly the programs to defeat an initiative motion to outlaw the Rumford Fair Housing regulations passed by the California Legislature last summer. And many of these same people fasted for freedom, sending dinner money to Brandeis University for distribution to Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee field workers who were registering voters in the South.

These actions indicate the general consensus of Cal students that more civil rights legislation is necessary and the strong support most will give to a candidate who has taken a strong civil rights stand. That probably means Lyndon Johnson. This figures, for the large majority of Cal students are registered Democrats or would be if they were old enough.

**UNIVERSITY OF UTAH—KENT POULTON**  
The results of a very informal student poll at the University of Utah showed the students, by and large, to be less than knowledgeable when it came to politics or world affairs. At the state and local level, most could not name more than two of Utah's congressmen nor the holders and functions of the other elective state offices in Utah, except governor.

Most significant is the general lack of understanding of the operation of government in the state. How is a voter (or potential voter) to make a wise choice at the ballot box if he has little idea of what the officeholder does?

It would seem that a candidate, at least on the state or local level, would do well to have his name spread as widely as possible in order that it might be recognized on the ballot. What he stands for is relatively unimportant. At the national level, students here are more aware.

It is interesting to note that many students will state their party affiliation with profound conviction, but when pressed cannot go beyond the generally misinterpreted magic words “liberal” or “conservative.” Here again, it is a lack of understanding of issues involved in the passage of some of the pending legislation, the function of foreign policies, the difficulties in civil rights legislation, etc.

Organized political activity on this campus consists mainly of Young Democrat and Young Republican groups plus Young Americans for Freedom, a right wing group. The organizations consist of large floating memberships, but, as with most groups, they are kept alive by a small nucleus of those vitally interested ones who are willing to work for better government. I know of no campus organization which supports a given candidate or cause.

What are the reasons for this indifference and lack of interest?

(1) Remoteness of government: People tend to be most interested in that which affects them directly, that interest lessening with a decrease in proximity. The government, especially in this area, seems unreal and faraway. Students have little contact with it and are relatively unaffected by policy changes.

(2) Clear choice: Perhaps Barry Goldwater has a point when he speaks of “clear-choice” or “me-too” politics. In their efforts to attract the greatest number of voters, politicians tend to be as noncontroversial as possible. This is a practical matter, making candidates interchangeable and victory dependent upon an attractive personality. Are we expected to be vitally concerned in a contest without controversy or real issues?

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Maybe I paint too dark a picture. Student reaction to the martyrdom of President Kennedy tells of the identification that students at Utah felt with the young President. The Peace Corps and the recent emphasis on youth in government have made the student aware that he has a role in politics.

The rise of an active right wing element in this area is bringing a very real source of conflict, helping to clarify what a student feels. These clashes have given rise to a series of University-sponsored debates between John Birchers and more liberal factions (everyone else) which have been well attended and continued through letters to the editor in the campus newspaper.

In summary, I think that the average Utah student needs an increased knowledge of how his democracy functions. But, as compared with four years ago, I feel a rising interest, an awareness, and even a sense of social responsibility which will, I hope, lead to more knowledge, or more important . . . understanding.

#### **BENNETT COLLEGE—NANCY WIGGINS**

On our campus in Greensboro, North Carolina, there are no political groups—Republican, Democratic, or any other. Approximately a year ago, a group of Republican Party representatives was supposed to visit our campus to form a Young Republican Club. I cannot give an exact reason why, but these representatives never did show up.

There are no groups on campus supporting any Presidential candidate for 1964. However, if there were, there would be none advocating either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Goldwater. Most of the students' attitudes toward these two men are not favorable. More specifically, the students do not care for Mr. Goldwater's theory of government.

To quote one student, "Mr. Goldwater is twenty years behind the times." Many students say they would and will support Mr. Johnson only because he seems to be carrying out Mr. Kennedy's ideas and not because of his own. Recently, however, Mr. Johnson has made gains in personal popularity.

Student reaction to the late President Kennedy's assassination can be summed up as disbelief, great be-

reavement, enormous shock, and shame. The students were ashamed that such an event took place within a country which fashions its government on democratic ideals ironically contrasted to the incident that prevailed. They immediately wondered and waited to see how the world looked upon the United States where such action seems so obsolete in this modern age. Even now, in spite of the fact that the late President has been buried for almost four months, the students still seem to look upon the tragedy with disbelief.

The campus apathy toward national politics is not because information is inaccessible: The college has books, receives newspapers, brochures, magazines, and other political materials, and also presents current affairs as part of the chapel program. There is also television and radio, and many students receive the city's daily newspaper, the New York *Times*, and several hometown papers.

Therefore, I believe, it is that the majority, not all, are just not interested in national politics. However, whenever national crises do arise, there is much concern and interest. Examples of this would be the Cuban crisis, the Test Ban Treaty, the wheat deal, and the Panama situation.

As for local politics, many students are not from the state of North Carolina and thus are not too interested in local candidates.

The college newspaper, *The Bennett Banner*, is a conservative paper. There are no articles which pertain to either national or international politics. Everything written in it has to do strictly with the campus.

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—JACK AUSPITZ**  
Yawn. Or perhaps snicker. That's what Columbia students do when they are asked about their political involvement. For this is a campus that cultivates apathy and cynicism as social graces.

Very few students are members of the Young Democrats or the Young Republicans. In fact, the major activity of these two groups seems to be holding elections for their unending slates of officers and then contesting the legality of the elections. No one will burst into a room and say, "Hey, gang, whad'da ya think of Scranton's chances to get the nomination?" Politics is simply not a

major area of interest on campus.

This does not mean that there are not people who are involved in the Struggle for Men's Minds (and votes). But their involvement is largely off campus. Columbia CORE, for example, is constantly picketing or boycotting or protesting, etc. But it is active more in Harlem than on Morningside Heights and is quite successful actually. Budding backslappers try to ingratiate themselves with New York politicians by working in the local clubs, instead of on campus chapters. Questions about politics are more likely to turn up in final exams than in dormitory bull sessions.

Not to discriminate, we are also apathetic about *campus* politics. Columbia College abolished its student government a few years ago, since many felt it did nothing but print stationery with everyone's name on it and indulge in an occasional scandal. There is now a move to abolish class officers as well ("Get rid of the last vestiges of high school G.O. at Columbia," runs the slogan).

The reason for this heartwarming display of disinterest is that Columbia College is in New York City. New Yorkers are weaned on cynicism (instead of the milk of human kindness). The city's motto, "It's none of my business," holds for Columbia as well. More important, those students who wish to be active politically have all of New York to be active in. Their efforts are not as prominent as they would be in a more isolated atmosphere.

On the whole, Columbia students are apathetically for Johnson, rather than apathetically for Goldwater. Even the Conservative Association supported a CORE boycott last fall. And Columbia sent more students to Cuba last summer than anyone else, except the FBI.

Sometimes an event will occur that can touch us deeply (usually in our draft cards). The Cuban crisis wasn't funny at all. The campus has not yet recovered from the assassination of President Kennedy. So, there will be less interest in the coming elections than there would have been in a contest involving Kennedy. Johnson arouses little interest, pro or con.

There is also little discussion of who or what will be the Republican nominee. The Columbia Young Re-

publicans like Rockefeller, but nobody likes the Columbia Young Republicans. The Conservatives like Goldwater. Big deal.

Thus, apathy characterizes the Columbia political scene. What energy there is is largely dissipated in the bottomless political pit of New York. No doubt, there will be Columbia students who will work for Johnson, or somebody. But the great bulk of the campus is as yet unmoved. Yawn. Snicker.

#### UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS—LIEUEN ADKINS

"The trend before was one of apathy, but since the Kennedy assassination, interest in the '64 election has greatly increased. It showed people what *could* happen and how important the President really is."

The speaker was the president of the University of Texas Pre-Law Association, and he was speaking of his particular group, but the statement can be applied to the campus as a whole. Texas students perhaps felt the effects of the assassination more acutely because it did occur in Texas and because President Johnson is a native son. There are, indeed, few observers who do not feel that the majority of Texas students support Johnson.

An exception was a spokesman for the U.T. Young Republicans. The Texas YR unit, an extremely active organization with over 1,100 members, is the largest college YR club in the country. At the time of the 1960 elections, its membership was only about 350, but through a high-powered recruiting program and attention-getting publicity stunts (such as a "conservative hoote-nanny" with right-slanted parodies of popular folk songs) they have grown mightily. Actually, the potential has always been there in the form of conservative Democrats who have recently switched affiliations in the wake of the Republican revival that is sweeping much of the South and Southwest.

The overwhelming choice among Young Republicans is Senator Goldwater. At a Young Republican training school in Washington this January, 87.5 per cent of the delegates were for Goldwater, a figure the U.T. unit pretty well duplicates. In a campus-wide opinion poll in 1960,

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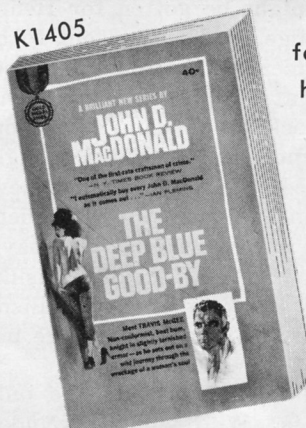
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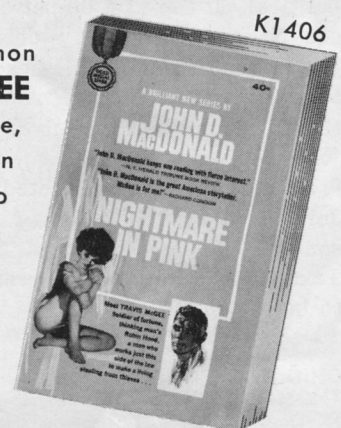
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Nixon was the student favorite over Kennedy. The YR's seem to think that, given Goldwater for the GOP candidate, the students would again go Republican. No other Republican candidate has anywhere near the magic appeal of the Arizona senator.

A related organization, and perhaps the most colorful political group on campus, is the Young Americans for Freedom, whose 125 members go the YR's one better by standing 100 per cent behind Barry.

"I don't know why anyone would join us if he *weren't* for Goldwater," said the YAF president.

The YAF-ers have the advantage of not being tied to the national Republican Party (some members, in fact, are die-hard conservative Democrats) and can therefore endorse a candidate before he is nominated and indulge in various other activities, such as picketing. There is a plot afoot among YAF clubs in several colleges, including U.T., to attend the Democratic Convention as Students for Strom Thurmond, just for laughs.

On the other side of the fence, the Young Democrats at the University have 700 members and, of course, support Johnson wholeheartedly. They are more closely tied to the national party than to the traditionally conservative Texas branch, hence they gain little membership from the great number of students who will support Johnson simply because he is a Democrat.

Texas student publications have been consistently liberal, but are prevented from endorsing any particular candidate. So, out of over 20,000 students, roughly ten per cent are overtly political. Of the vast 90 per cent that are either apathetic, undecided, or just not saying, most guesses are that they will go to Johnson. In spite of all the criticism he has received and the jokes he has inspired in the past, he is still bathed in the reflected light of John Kennedy, he is Texas' favorite son and he is a Democrat. And in Texas, it is still not *quite* respectable to be a Republican.

#### OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY— THOMAS G. BUCKHAM, JR.

If Ohio State's mock political convention was tomorrow, Barry Goldwater and Richard Nixon, or possibly Henry Cabot Lodge, would come out

on top, toe-to-toe with Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy.

But the convention isn't until May 2, and the pollster who sticks his foot into the current of political thought on the Buckeye campus in advance, as I am doing, will find the waters lukewarm, owing to the Ohio Stater's inability to get excited or even speculative until the proper time.

But campus Republican and Democrat leaders have been quietly sniffing the air, and they detect some interesting aromas. As in the past, the Ohio State convention will include both a Republican and a Democrat session. But there's no question about which shapes up as the bigger battle.

"I don't see how a tooth-and-nail fight can be avoided," says one campus Republican leader. That seems to be the consensus. But when asked to pick a likely winner, the Republicans almost invariably come up with G-o-l-d-w-a-t-e-r.

The Columbus campus of 30,000 is moderate Republican, but the Arizona conservative seems to be in complete command. For one thing, he's the only candidate with a recognizable following. One Republican says, "Quality-wise, the Goldwater supporters on this campus are the best, but quantity-wise they're among the smallest." Apparently, the majority of Republican students just haven't made up their minds who to back.

Bill Martin, president of the Young Republicans, has few doubts about the Republican Mock Convention: "I'm sure Barry Goldwater will win the nomination, though probably not on the first ballot." Martin follows with this surprise: Some dark horse backing might be gotten for Henry Cabot Lodge, who turned out to be the sentimental favorite for Vice-President at the Ohio Wesleyan University Mock Republican Convention, March 6 and 7. By and large, though, Ohio State Republican leaders believe the nomination for Vice-President will go to Richard Nixon. One says, "The members of my group dislike Governor Rockefeller's liberalism, and the divorce and remarriage put him out of consideration."

On the Democrat side, the only question is: Who will be Lyndon Johnson's running mate? The answer would seem to be Robert Kennedy, who was the favorite of 60 per cent

of the campus Young Democrats in a recent straw vote. The only other likely possibility is Hubert Humphrey, who polled 35 per cent of the vote.

The Ohio senatorial race, which looks to be one of the most interesting anywhere, bears watching. It will pit incumbent Steven Young against astronaut John Glenn in the Democrat May primary. Even if Young, the old pro, wins that one, he probably will have to face Republican Robert A. Taft Jr., the man with a magic name, in the November election. Taft himself may be in for some trouble in the Republican primary, where he'll face Ted Brown, long-time and popular Ohio secretary of state.

Just how well Glenn does may be of great significance because campus Democrats hold the novice politician up in the dimmed light of The New Frontier (it has been widely rumored that Glenn entered the Ohio senatorial race at the urging of Robert Kennedy), and his success or failure would probably reflect the extent of the Johnson administration's efforts to stop Mr. Republican, Jr., who is surely being groomed by his party for bigger and better things.

**YALE UNIVERSITY—GEORGE BILLOCK**  
Yale has traditionally been branded "conservative," the adjectives running all the way from cautious to reactionary. (Here, some of its more infamous alumni are often cited: Bill Buckley, Henry Luce, et. al.) And no doubt this element does exist in New Haven. But to insist that one monolithic political persuasion can ever dominate or characterize an institution founded in diversity is naïve at best.

There are several nationally affiliated political groups on campus, such as the Americans for Democratic Action, Young Republicans for Freedom, *ad absurdum*. As might be expected, the Democratic Party group is the most active. For example, during the recent New Haven mayoralty campaign the Democrats were out in full force and probably played a significant part in helping Richard C. Lee regain his office. By contrast, the Republican group was relatively inactive. On the whole, these organizations are practically unknown on campus by the majority of students. They seldom announce meetings on

the post office bulletin board or send around flyers. But what members these groups do have are avid at least; possibly their own sense of self-importance is the big justification.

It follows that there are no really big political guns on campus; so, there are no big pressure groups around. Let me stress that large organizations of this type are not characteristic of Yale. Students do have very definite political opinions, but they are usually confined to just that; they remain personal points of view expounded in bull sessions or on poly sci papers. One is more apt to see collective bodies of students rallying behind such causes as STRONGER PUNCH AT MIXERS, SAVE FRED BARGHOORN, BUILD MORE SQUASH COURTS.

More colleges, I think, ought to take a lesson from the hoary Yale Political Union—and let their political forums sink into senescence in anonymity, rather than exposing them to the ridicule of the student body. I think we'd better examine the plight of the PU more closely. On paper, it is composed of four factions, or parties: the Party of the Right, the Conservative Party, the Progressive Party, and the Liberal Party.

The Conservatives are by far the largest group, but certain insiders tell me that the really active politicking goes on in the two extreme factions (It is common for a member of, say, the Liberal to join the Right, or vice versa, in the hope of more political contact—the cause doesn't seem to be particularly important). In the past, the PU has been noted for featuring such controversial guest speakers as Gus Hall, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, and quite frequently it has sponsored a debate between the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Presidency.

In the past, student reaction was considerable. Presently, however, the PU is run by well-meaning guys more forthright than foresighted. And this has resulted in no end of trouble. Back in October, the PU extended an invitation to Ross Barnett to speak at Woolsey Hall. Well, what happened was that Mayor Lee and Kingman Brewster, our president, issued a statement flatly withdrawing the invitation, on the grounds that it might endanger the relationship between the Yale and Negro communities of

New Haven. And, believe me, they were both well within their rights and correct in doing so.

The Yale *Daily News*, in a rather scathing editorial, said that the PU was completely irresponsible and that it was relying upon the name and reputation of Yale to draw speakers. To some extent, this is probably true. Anyway, it's doubtful that the PU will do much more inviting this year, and the dreams to have Goldwater face off against Rockefeller probably will go unmaterialized.

The feud between the PU and the Yale *Daily*, though somewhat subdued now, is still going on. Further, I know many guys who have stopped going to PU meetings because what they thought was going to be a good thing is really nothing more than a forum overburdened by parliamentary procedure. Noteworthy opinions are still formed over a green cup [a drink] at Mory's.

As far as student reaction to the Kennedy tragedy goes, it is quite varied. I remember the day it happened—it was the first day of Harvard Weekend, the biggest and most traditional weekend of the year. Most of us were honestly stunned, a few were grief-stricken.

Practically everyone was glued to the radio or TV, trying to glean as many facts as they could from NBC's maudlin verbiage. Yet around six that night, many guys on Old Campus (freshman quarters) were more concerned over the fact that all social events had been cancelled for the rest of the weekend, including the Yale-Harvard football game. A lot of guys had spent a lot of money on hotel rooms, tickets, etc.; jokes (?) such as "Poor Jack: He's been shot down for Harvard Weekend," circulated.

When a few friends and I drove overnight to Washington for the funeral, we saw a lot of Yalies who were just as honestly disturbed. Too, the *Daily* came out with a beautifully eloquent eulogy, which, I think, the entire student body endorsed. Later, a couple of enterprising guys formed a committee to initiate the John F. Kennedy Memorial Scholarship for poly sci students. It was well received by the students and was officially endorsed by the University. As the real acid test, students did give a good deal of money to it.

A small student faction is, of

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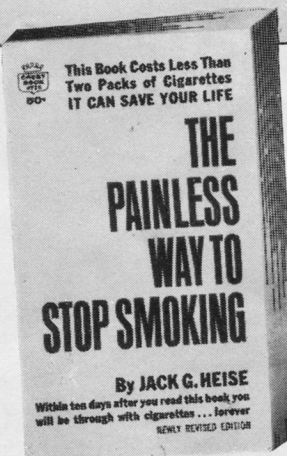
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course, completely apathetic toward national politics, but the large majority take their politics pretty seriously. However, the absence of large movements on campus might lead one to think just the reverse were true. The Yale is just a little too busy and a little too disenchanted to take an active part in rallies or meetings, etc.

Interest in local candidates? Well, not to any great extent, because most of us never read a local newspaper or get acquainted with the local situation. (However, as I did point out, the Young Democrats did play an active role in the recent mayoralty race.) Again, most of us are far too busy to bother with the New Haven machine when our time for state and national politics is limited. I have noticed that anything but national politics is played down by the students. This is because of the wide geographic distribution of the students; most are more concerned with their home states. On a more politically oriented campus, students would welcome even the chance to be active on a local level, but this definitely is not true of Yale.

Another interesting thing: When I asked a couple of guys to state the *Daily's* political stand (liberal, conservative, absurd, etc.), most said that they didn't know it even had one. This may or may not be true. It rarely speaks out on national issues, and when it does, it is usually morally, rather than politically, oriented. For example, the entire integration problem completely crosses political boundaries and offends the integrity and moral consciousness of the students (so the *Daily* says). The same was true of Kennedy's death. Political persuasions just aren't enunciated. So I doubt that the *Daily* will take a stand on the upcoming election.

The most widely-read paper is, of course, the [New York] *Times*. So, if one *had* to generalize about what opinion is most closely followed, I guess one would have to say that of Sulzberger. But he had better say it quietly.

#### UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN— SETH L. ROSENBERG

Of the 25,000 students on the Madison campus of the University of Wisconsin,

the number of those who belong to a political group is appallingly small. Estimates range from five hundred to a thousand, or less than four per cent, diffused throughout several organizations whose activities are limited. The remainder of the student body is not totally divorced from national politics; occasionally discussions about local politicians arise, but these are short-lived because of lack of information. One has the impression that the students feel that their occupation is to go to school, and that the concerns of the campus are more immediate than those of the nation.

The students who do play an active role in politics are divided into several groups of which the most active is the new Students for Goldwater. This was one of the first Goldwater groups on any campus, and is actually the only group organized for the support of a declared candidate. This is a reflection of the Midwestern trend towards conservatism in politics, and though the University has a reputation for liberalism, a vast majority of the students come from conservative homes and propagate the ideals of their parents. The other important groups are the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans, neither of which has declared support for any candidates at this time.

There is one other group on campus which is best described as an element rather than an organized group. They are the liberals whose interest lies not in promulgating a doctrine or supporting a candidate, but rather in creating a personal image of liberalism. They are mistakenly categorized as beatniks because they affect the same shabby trappings. These students conceive of themselves as creative intellectuals, though they are engaged in no activity that would evidence this.

The liberal image of the University is not created only by these students. The faculty and administration are quite liberal in their outlook. One professor explained that when there is as large a group of academicians from so many varied backgrounds, concentrated as they are at the University, there is bound to be a strong liberal sentiment. This is evident even in lectures. (For example, in one lecture on literature a professor seized the opportunity to comment that the State of Wisconsin had given



"I've had my eye on you for some time, Wadsworth.  
And you know what I think?—I think you are ready for a window."

this country the oppressive inquisition of McCarthyism.)

There was one day that had a profound impact on everyone in America and revealed much about the latent national conscience of the students. As word of the assassination of President Kennedy spread through the campus, classes emptied out and students walked alone, silently, back to their rooms. There was a sense of mourning, but a stronger sense of confusion. It was a time for each student to think. The national tragedy had broken through to the world of the University. But the tragedy has passed. The tensions of final examinations have again become important.

If this seems a dim picture of America's future citizens, it is not intended to be. The students at Madison are acquiring the knowledge and values that will enable them to be rational active citizens. Those who seem most interested and active now may be filling a void, a need to have something on which to concentrate their energies. Those who have no interest at present may find something worthwhile at a later point in life. Perhaps there is a feeling of impotence, for, whatever the students may do, they cannot exercise their opinions in a vote. When the opportunity to decide national policy is given them, they will rise to the occasion.

**UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA—ED LINDEN**  
"Who will be elected President in November? Lyndon Johnson. . . Who could possibly beat him?" With this recurring response, students at the University of Virginia tend to agree with reports from pollsters throughout the country.

However, these same students do not share such unanimity in their personal choices. Virtually every candidate, declared or undeclared, can find some measure of support at the University and for a very simple reason. Virginia, unlike most of the other Southern colleges, draws its student body from varied geographical regions.

Within the University as a whole, in-state students outnumber those from other states by a surprisingly small margin (55 per cent in-state vs. 45 per cent out-of-state). The ratio of non-Virginian students is even

greater in the Schools of Law, Medicine, and other graduate levels, and, of course, these divisions are composed entirely of voting-aged students. Behind the State of Virginia in student registration come New York, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Although foreign policy, Bobby Baker, and what one student expressed as "President Johnson's over-concern with the political aspects of his decisions" have alarmed many backers, Democratic partisans on campus still give Lyndon Johnson almost total allegiance. "President Johnson is able to work well with Congress. . . . L.B.J. is a man the people of the nation can have faith in. . . ." At least one-half of the student body seems to hold this opinion.

The Republican Party has considerable on-campus support and certainly attempts to fuse a strong anti-Johnson organization. "Johnson's brand of liberalism has definitely gotten out of hand. . . . I would be for any Republican candidate." This remark sums up the feelings of most GOP faithfuls. But, as one student said, "How can we pull together and work effectively for an unknown candidate?" So, while the opposition to Johnson may be substantial, a great portion of it is presently rendered ineffectual because of party division.

Of the avowed GOP hopefuls, Goldwater appears to be favored by a sizable margin. Such support should be expected from an institution that has followed the conservative tradition for many years. "The nomination of Goldwater will offer the voter a clear choice. . . . The Senator stands for policies which many Americans advocate, but have had little chance to actively support in national elections" are views expressed by his supporters.

The other wing of the Republican Party also has its advocates. A little confused by the overworked term "conservatism" ("If you're conservative, you're for upholding the *status quo*; and today the *status quo* is undoubtedly liberalism."), many Republicans at the University seem to be placing their confidence in Rockefeller. They contend that his platform is eminently more realistic than Goldwater's, that his public image is improving now that his marital diffi-

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culties have disappeared from the limelight, and that "his sterling political record will speak for itself in a national election."

From the realm of other possibilities, the names of Nixon and Lodge appear with notable regularity. In the case of Nixon, though, the retort is often: "But he's a two-time loser... and his relationship with the press would certainly be detrimental." Scranton's name pops up often as many University students emanate from his home state. To a far lesser degree, Romney is mentioned in political conversation.

Many students have turned their political inquisitiveness to the question of President Johnson's running-mate. Everyone has a name to offer, but few will make a prediction. The most popular theme is one of antagonism to a repeatedly mentioned possibility: "I hope Johnson doesn't choose Bobby Kennedy.... I thought his brother was an able leader, but while Bobby's objectives may be similar, I am often disappointed by his methods."

An often offered alternative is Sargent Shriver. Most students feel that he has the same beneficial link to the late President Kennedy and consequently would be able to muster the support of the important minority blocs. Moreover, Shriver on the ticket would not incur the antagonism of Southern voters that Robert Kennedy's name, with all of its anti-pathetic civil rights implications, would naturally bring.

#### **BRIARCLIFF COLLEGE—VICTORIA MATTISON AND LISA WEINSTEIN**

The vast majority of the students at Briarcliff College are Republican, rather fanatically so, with relatively little information or fact to back up their convictions.

Most feel insecure about Rockefeller, mostly because of his divorce. This seems to show a weakness in his character. This emphasis on his personal affairs blots out any political ideas or feelings the students have about him as a Presidential candidate.

Most of the students are in favor of Goldwater as the Presidential candidate in 1964. The majority of them are opposed to change, and they feel that he will keep things pretty much as they are. He seems to be more in

favor of the individual and the protection of his rights than in the welfare of the mass. This would prevent the instigation of a strong Medicare bill and effective civil rights action on a Federal intervention basis.

The general feeling is that Nixon would be an unpromising candidate. Since the death of President Kennedy, the students have become more aware of the Presidency. They feel a greater political confidence in Johnson than in Kennedy and seem to put their hope in him as our next President. More willing to give Johnson a chance, they feel that he is less controversial, though all students were deeply shocked at the assassination of President Kennedy.

The Political Club is the only organized group on campus which invites political speakers; mostly a lecture, not discussion group. In past years Briarcliff has sent six students to the mock U.N. General Assembly, and are doing so this year as representatives from Jamaica. Political seminars have been planned for the entire student body early in February. The topic is Liberal versus Conservative.

There is a school activities calendar sent around, and recently a school newspaper was introduced for which we hope to get a great deal of response.

We feel that the dominating lack of interest among many students stems from the noncommittal atmosphere of their backgrounds. They have never been made to feel that politics is important to them on the personal level, and hence the lack of interest. Obviously the most important thing to do would be to make them realize that they are an important part of the political scene, as citizens of the United States.

#### **TEMPLE UNIVERSITY—EDWARD J. BENETT**

If Temple University's 33,000 students were determining next fall's election, President Johnson wouldn't have to worry about leaving the White House.

About 85 per cent of the student body is made up of commuters from Philadelphia, a city which in 1960 turned in a 325,000-vote plurality for Kennedy. "Straw votes" taken at the University in the past usually have paralleled the city's strongly Demo-

cratic tendencies. Also, most of the students descend from Jewish, Italian, or other minority groups usually identified with the Democratic Party.

And the University's policy of "high educational standards at the lowest possible tuition rates" appeals to another traditionally Democratic stronghold, the economy's large middle class.

A survey of the political activity at the urban school verifies these propositions.

Of 150 new voters signed up at a recent registration drive on campus, more than two-thirds were Democrats.

Most of the university's politically active groups are liberal-minded, with a conservative voice being virtually nonexistent.

Even the Temple University Republican Organization (TURO) has taken, at least until this writing, a liberal stand. In the past, it has refused to support conservative Republicans even after they had been endorsed by the state and national GOP organizations. At its annual dinner last spring, it invited to speak probably the most-liberal Republican, Senator Jacob Javits of New York.

The school's Young Democratic Organization (YDO) is endorsing Johnson to the hilt. "We're not even concerning ourselves with the Vice-Presidency," one officer said. "Whom-ever President Johnson wants is all right with us."

Other campus liberal groups, while technically nonpolitical, are backing Johnson largely because of his civil rights program.

The rights' issue is probably the hottest on campus, and groups—including the Student Peace Union (SPU), the Young Peoples' Socialist League (YPSL), the Social Service in Action (SSA), and the Students' Non-violent Co-ordinating Committee (SNCC)—have rallied under the civil rights' banner.

Mike Jennings, chairman of the far-left SPU, said, "We probably will vote for Johnson. We realize that Johnson will be for civil rights, if for no other reason than to change his image as a Southern conservative."

Of all the leftist groups, only YPSL is not backing Johnson. Chairman Carl Gilbert explained, "Neither party knows how to handle the basic issues that face society; and we won't

vote [down the line] for either.”  
The Socialists, who—while weak in numbers—have been making much noise on campus, said they might picket both parties’ campaign headquarters.

This spring, for the first time in the University’s political history, conservative voices are being heard.

Joseph F. Bonomo, Jr., of Pawcatuck, Conn., was elected TURO president and immediately announced a new moderately-right policy for the group’s 120 Republicans—most of whom are out-of-state dorm residents.

“I was tired of seeing all leftist organizations on campus,” Bonomo said. “I wanted to give conservatives a mode of expression.”

The radically-right Young Americans for Freedom also organized a chapter here this month; and both TURO and YAF are expected to back Goldwater in the primaries.

All of Temple’s political parties are anticipating an upsurge of interest among the normally unconcerned student body as the election draws near.

A mock primary is scheduled on campus a few days before the actual primaries. Both YDO and TURO are planning to send representatives to the respective national conventions, with the hope of getting the eventual Presidential nominees to appear on campus.

But despite the birth of opposition groups and increased political activity at Temple, students’ sentiment probably will still be overwhelmingly Democratic.

#### UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA—BOB SAMSOT

The students at the University of North Carolina may flare up against American Legion stands at times, but they carry within themselves a basic vein of conservatism.

Thought of as a pocket of liberalism in an otherwise solid South, the University shows its conservative colors when prodded. Recently, integration leaders, conceding the point that Chapel Hill, the home of the University, had gone farther than any other Southern town to integrate, warned that demonstrations would continue if total integration were not effected. Conservative petitions had more signers than nonconservative ones.

The culmination of this feeling would probably have been brought out to its fullest in the forthcoming November elections, but the tragic death of John F. Kennedy cast a dark cloud over many conservative outcroppings.

As in the rest of the nation, Americans in this oldest state university received a rude shock when their President was shot. The experience had an inhibiting effect on them, and they hesitate to do today what they might well have risen to do before the tragedy—vote conservative.

The main reason behind this is that a fear has developed of anything that smacks of reactionary flavor, and the tarnished hero for many—Goldwater—has been seemingly too unstable to carry many students who ride the middle track.

Students here are pleased with President Johnson’s actions so far, and his is the name in political-talking groups. He is the man who has captivated the hearts of students here.

Still the Democrats will have their work cut out for them. Students at U.N.C. are particularly prone to jump party lines in elections, especially on a national level.

Moreover, because of the backgrounds which favor business over labor, many are Republican by ideals, if not by name, and a small push could swing their votes.

As far as candidates go, most students feel that Johnson is and will be the man for the job. They admire his political deftness. They have confidence in his performance and will vote for him today—and tomorrow.

Goldwater is dead politically here. His swiftly rising balloon was deflated by the bullet that killed John Kennedy. Only a political windfall could fan his flame to a blaze. Rockefeller is attractive to many but bears the “Yankee” stigma which will hurt him among Southern students.

The only definite development is that Johnson is on top now, with an abundance of artillery pointed toward November.

#### UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON—ROBERT FOLLETT

Politically, the University of Washington could be called the land of the “so what.” Opinion exists as to political candidates and to political ques-



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tions of the time, but as a group the 21,000 day students that make up this University are characterized by inertia; not of opinion and thought, but of action and expression.

There are, of course, groups on campus that are active politically. The school's Political Union, sponsored by the student body, is composed of about 500 students who admit to being members and a much smaller number that are active in the program. One of the Political Union's activities that arouses campus interest is its sponsoring of various people to come to the University and appear before the students.

Amongst the speakers who have appeared recently are Governor Wallace of Alabama and Grant Reynolds, assistant to the chairman of the Republican National Com-

mittee. Governor Wallace spoke to 5,000 assembled students in an atmosphere of picketing, curiosity, and mockery. Grant Reynolds spoke to thirty assembled students in an atmosphere known only to Mr. Reynolds and those thirty students. In the first case, quite a bit of interest was generated for a day or two, while in the second, general student disinterest was quite evident. Unfortunately the latter case seems to be the rule.

As was apparent from Governor Wallace's appearance, the student body seems to support the integration and civil rights movement in general and oppose Governor Wallace's views in particular. The campus climate appeared to favor a Seattle open-housing being debated as this article was written.

It seems clear that President Johnson has the support of the Democrats on campus, and the only question is the choice of his running mate. I would imagine that almost any choice, as long as it is not a Southerner, will meet with the approval of the Johnson supporters.

The Republican race is another story. There has been and continues to be substantial, although declining, support for Senator Goldwater at the University. Governor Rockefeller seems, however, to be gaining a great deal of strength and is probably the most popular of the Republican hopefuls. The situation remains fluid, and it is not inconceivable that Goldwater or Lodge or even Nixon could gain the popular favor of the Republican faction of the student body. ☐

## THE NEW FOLK SOUNDS

*(continued from page 29)*

a terrible worry where folk is going," he sounds off. "This music is supposed to express man's deep inner feelings, yet today virtuosity concerns most folk people more than emotions. Good God! How to play banjo cotton-pickin' style versus Scruggs style, that's all you hear. And the folk bunch is getting so incestuous. They hang together in folk ghettos, like in the Village, and when they go on the road they seek the same situation in every new town. They're losing contact with the world, becoming moral and intellectual hunchbacks. Eventually their listeners will turn from them."

Fortunately, there are still many in folk music who are committed to its older values and to dealing with the issues of the time. The Journeymen, for instance, refused to do a segregated concert in the Deep South and endured picketing and a rock bombardment for their stand. Another folk star, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, continues to sing his Guthrie ballads and social protest songs without compromise.

Carolyn Hester is still another example of a folk performer who considers integrity more important than the cash register. Carolyn, a blue-eyed lass with a pure soprano voice who records for Columbia, descends

from Texans who fought in the Mexican War.

Says she of the current excesses in folk, "Faddism is the cause of a lot of it. The faddists will be dropping out soon, looking for another bandwagon to hop on. Folk music will find its balance again, and something positive will have come out of this chaos. We'll have new songs to sing, along with the old traditional things that never die. There's nothing faddist about Dylan or Paxton. They're great."

Interestingly enough, it is in cabarets and nightclubs that folk music may have made its best and most permanent inroads. Art D'Lugoff's big rathskeller, The Village Gate, within the span of a few months will feature such international talent as the Clancy Brothers, Sabicas, and Miriam Makeba, along with Americans like Leon Bibb, Judy Henske, and Tom Paxton (CAVALIER's College Party pg. 20). Unknowns get their chance, too, on D'Lugoff's generous three- and four-act bills. This heavily folk-weighted entertainment policy has paid off.

Folk music has also paid off for Israel G. Young, who holds forth from the back office of his Folk Lore Center on Greenwich Village's gaudy coffeehouse-infested MacDougal Street. Young, a former pre-med student incurably bitten by the folk bug, opened the Center seven years

ago "so I could meet everybody in folk music." Presumably he's had his wish, for since then the place has become a mecca for folk fans and musicians all over the country.

Young, who presented Bob Dylan, the New Lost City Ramblers, and many others in their first concerts, gives this estimation of what's happened to folk music: "Kids who were college freshmen yesterday are suddenly giving concerts. Dozens of colleges give folk courses now and hold big festivals. Performers, like Jack Elliott, can make a living for a change, while Joan Baez or Bob Dylan do considerably more than that. LPs are coming out so fast that the Schwann catalog is outdated the day it appears. And, my God, the new songs being written! But the biggest things are still to come—or just coming now."

Out in the narrow wood-paneled store proper lies convincing proof of what Young was saying. The shelves and bins and even the walls are loaded with a variety of merchandise unknown to folkdom even a couple of years ago. Not only are there the usual guitars, fiddles, autoharps, and the like, but every conceivable kind for every degree of wallet fatness.

There are stacks of kazoos, too, harmonicas, multicolored piles of LPs of folk heroes old, recent, or arrived overnight, song books, folk-lore tomes, glossy fan magazines, song

sheets, concert announcements.

Part of that craze is international. The Canadian duo of Ian and Sylvia arrived on the folk scene a couple of years ago when the big folk wave began to crest, and their first Vanguard album offered more showmanship than real depth. Travel across America and work in everything from clubs to coffeehouses to country fairs gave them what they needed. Their second record shows the results, containing some extraordinarily good things like the tragicomic prison ballad, *Royal Canal*, and the grisly *Greenwood Sidie*. They do these songs along with their faster numbers for all kinds of audiences. "The nightclub crowds ask for them every set," Ian says, "and, man, they listen."

Another popular folk pair, Addis and Crofut, is meeting with the same success—meeting it by singing the songs of twenty nations in chic boîtes like the Blue Angel. Tall Nordic Bill Crofut had been touring Asia giving folk concerts for the State Department when his old school friend Steve Addis joined him in 1961. Travelling together aboard everything from rafts to sputtery overage DC-3s, they belted out their folk-music image of America in countries all the way from the Far East to the Sudan. Natives of each country promptly taught them local songs which they brought home.

"Putting foreign language stuff in our act was a big step," says Crofut. "We had a few oriental instruments and learned to approximate others by retuning the banjo. Then we assembled our material—things like the Japanese cherry-blossom song, *Sakura*, the *Wabash Cannon Ball*, a Hindu hymn, and so on. We had no idea how it would work, but in Missouri we found out. We took a deep breath and went ahead. In one minute a noisy crowd shut up, and in another minute they were in love with it."

Travel, exposure to all kinds of audiences (including the UN), excellent musicianship, and folk scholarship, these combine to make A & C unusually astute commentators on the folk world.

"American folk has never been more popular, yet never so maimed, emasculated, misunderstood," they claim. "That ABC show with its fast music and lack of spontaneity was

disastrous. Of course, what's happening with the new songwriters is very encouraging, and they're giving us some great stuff. On the other hand, they crank songs out too fast. You've got to make sure what you're doing is musically good as well as socially meaningful. With all the fine traditional songs we have, it's presumptuous to write too much or too fast."

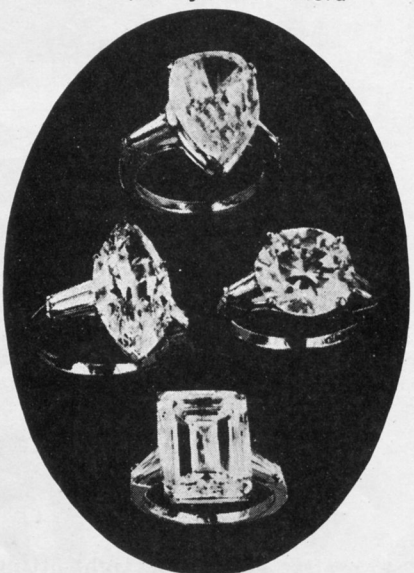
But A & C do more than criticize. They have definite ideas as to what folk music should do. "Good folk music brings us a recollection of the past, an honest statement of what we used to be. We have to continue that honesty with as much good musicianship as possible. Only then can folk music counter the rootlessness of our times."

These same concerns, tempered with the persistent hope for folk music's future, characterize what so many others are saying. One of the most listened-to critics today is Robert Shelton, not only the *Times* folk man but editor of the interesting new magazine *Hootenanny*, who says, "The fad will die down and the get-rich guys will go on to the next thing, but folk will remain an important part of American youth. Look at the educational possibilities alone. Folkways and other records are being used in classes to explain science, the arts, history. Folk is offering inexpensive forms of music for TV and theatre, too. And the new writing? Just begun. If Pete Seeger can turn *Ecclesiastes* into songs, the material is endless."

To these thoughts Dave Van Ronk adds bluntly, "In ten years many albums from the revival will be as funny as Rudy Vallee. Some are already that funny. But there's good music, too, and, fad or not, folk is now in the mainstream of popular culture for good."

So it is. And the folk performers who've grown up through these confused folkbiz times will continue to sing and create long after the bubble bursts. Baez, Dylan, Paxton, Collins, Hester, and so many others will continue to counteract in some appreciable way the din of jukeboxes and TV. That is, as long as America is still predicated on some kind of intelligence and social awareness, and as long as young Americans can still listen and respond. ☐

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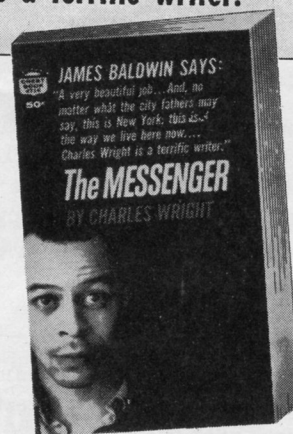
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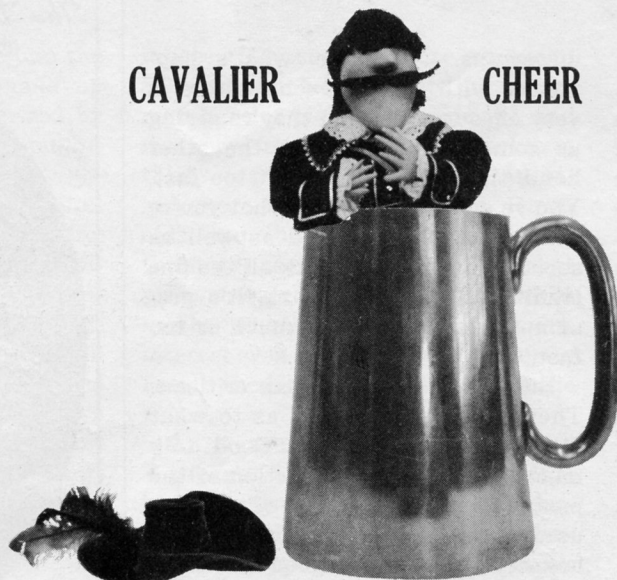
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# CAVALIER CHEER



A pretty girl in a tight-fitting sweater enlivened a dull party when she pinned this note to a loose strand of the sweater:

HAVE FUN, WILL RAVEL  
H. C. Walker, Norway, Me.

In Hollywood, when a woman talks about a faithful husband she's referring to one who pays his alimony on time.

Morris Bender, Los Angeles, Cal.

SHE: "What do you do for a living?"

HE: "I draw."

SHE: "How thrilling! What do you draw?"

HE: "Beer. I'm a bartender."

R. A. Beard, Hudson, Ia.

Two businessmen were watching a nightclub show. As a gorgeous Latin went through her torrid dance routine, one remarked, "Lots of pepper." "Nice shaker, too," his companion added.

F. D. Benson, Holly, Colo.

One review on the debut of an evidently poorly prepared concert pianist closed with the suggestion: "He should go into Haydn and never come Bach."

Philip Thomas, Detroit, Mich.

DOCTOR: Lay off booze for a couple of weeks, and you'll be right as rain.

PATIENT: Are you sure there isn't a simpler way . . . like, say, an operation?

R. L. Goodwin, Louisville, Ky.

## DAFFYNITIONS

COMIC STRIP: A burlesque queen who tells jokes during her act.

M. P. Guidry, Raceland, La.

B GIRL: Female of the speakeasies.

Albert Glynn, Reno, Nev.

PHILANDERER: A jack of all jades.

Donald Campbell, Houston, Tex.

RETIREMENT BANQUET: Much nothing about adieu.

R. L. Damron, Olympia, Wash.

Questioned by worried relatives, the wealthy eccentric patted the casket with a safe built into one end. "Well, it's like this," he said. "I'm aiming to disprove an old saying."

Hal Chadwick, Noel, Mo.

Nowadays, when the bread won't rise, it's time to repair the toaster.

J. E. Johnston, Minneapolis, Minn.

Say what you will about Floyd Patterson, we still think the worst sucker for a rite is Elizabeth Taylor.

Bob Allen, New York, N. Y.

An impatient old lady making a trip by bus became irritated at the many stops. "Such a slow bus," she snapped. "I believe we stop at every telephone pole."

"Why not, lady?" replied the driver. "This bus is a Greyhound."

C. E. Wilson, Newark, O.

A Venetian blind company in my home town, Coos Bay, Oregon, advertises its product with this sign on the rear of its truck:

CAUTION: BLIND MAN DRIVING

Cpl. W. E. Smith, Okinawa

1ST GIRL: "Why do you still date Harvey? You know he is a cad."

2ND GIRL: "Yes, but so's his convertible."

L. G. Stoy, Klamath Falls, Ore.

If you could kick the person responsible for most of your problems, you wouldn't be able to sit down for six months.

L. J. Goodyear, Scottsdale, Ariz.

COED (answering phone in dorm): "State hatchery. Which chick do you wish to speak to?"

F. S. Millham, Fullerton, Pa.

If, as scientists say, sex is such a driving force, why is so much of it found parked these days?

E. L. Brown, Inman, S. C.

Old wolves never die, they just howl away.

W. G. Milnes, Jr., Manton, R. I.

After receiving several Louisiana commemorative four-cent stamps in the Memphis, Tennessee, post office, the girl purchaser, looking puzzled, returned to the stamp window and asked, "Will these stamps take my cards to Louisiana?"

Informed that, of course, they would, she replied, "That's what I was afraid of. I don't want my cards to go to Louisiana."

J. M. Baker, Memphis, Tenn.

Send your favorite joke to Humor Editor, CAVALIER, 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N.Y., and collect \$25 for each one used. If a submission is not accepted within three weeks, consider it rejected. In duplications, payment is for first one received; none can be returned.



## A Chinese potter's mark of confidence

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that he must live up to (or his sales will suffer). Because he knows he can deliver what he says he can, he readily identifies himself with his products. Because of these reasons you can depend on Brand Names. They are a "mark of 20th century confidence" in all the things you buy. When you buy Leadership Brands, you know you are getting your money's worth.



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